

# Important DIRECTIONS

How to spend

## EVERY DAY,

And particularly the

## LORD'S DAY.

Chiefly collected from the  
Writings and Admonitions of  
Rev. Mr. BAXTER and Dr. DODDRIDGE.

WITH

PRAYERS for the Morning and Evening in the  
CLOSET and in the FAMILY.

To which are added (by Permission)

Extracts from the Rev. Dr. YOUNG  
on the Last Day, on the Importance of Time,  
and on the Cure of Death.

A COLLECTION of POEMS, PSALMS and  
HYMNS, from the Rev. Dr. WATERS, and  
others of the most considerable Authors.

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1 Cor. xxxi. *Whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of GOD.*  
Gall. ii. 20. *The life which I now live in the flesh, I  
live by the son of GOD.*

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The SECOND EDITION, much enlarged.

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L O N D O N:

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# Impartial Discretions

best as well

## DAY

and judiciously

## YEAR

To promote the Sale of this Treatise, it will not be improper to inform the publick, that all the profits which may arise from it will be *applied to charitable uses.*

**T**O prevent every suspicion and false accusation, — the publisher would not omit to tell the world, that he hath had the honour of the permission of the Rev. Dr. YOUNG, Dr. WATTS, and Dr. DODDRIDGE to insert the following collection. Dr. YOUNG, tho' a Gentleman of a different party from Mr. BAXTER, in a most obliging manner consented to join his usefulness. May this illustrious example teach all of the most opposite sentiments to unite their zeal in the cause of virtue, and in the service of the world — for if impartiality is a perfection of the Divinity, the impartial on earth will receive a peculiar reward from an *impartial heaven.*



begins about 100 pages before the title

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of errors. Also a new edition of the  
same work, with a new title, and a  
new author.

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# DIRECTIONS

How to spend

## Every Ordinary Day.

**I**T somewhat tendeth so make a holy life more easy to us, when we know the ordinary course and method of our duties, and every thing falleth into its proper place. As it helpeth the husbandman, or tradesman, to know the ordinary course of his work, that he need not go out of it, unless in extraordinary cases. Therefore I shall here give you some brief directions for the holy spending of every day.

I wish and pray that *every reader may reduce the directions into practice*, so far as they properly suit his capacities and circumstances in life.—I say, (and I desire it may be observed,) that I wish my reader may act on these directions *so far as they may properly suit his capacities, and circumstances in life*; for I would be far from laying down the following particulars as universal rules for *all*, or for any one person *at all times*. Let them be practised by those that are able, and when they have leisure: and when you cannot reach them all, come as near the most important of them as you conveniently can.—With this precaution I proceed to the directions, which, I would hope after this previous care to guard against the danger of mistaking them, will not discourage any the *weakest christian*. Let us humbly and chearfully do our best, and rejoice that we have *so gracious a Father* who knows all our infirmities, and *so compassionate an*

#### 4 Directions for the beginning of the day:

High Priest to recommend to divine acceptance the feeblest efforts of sincere duty, and love !

Direction I. *Proportion the time of your sleep aright, that you waste not your precious morning-hours sluggishly in your bed.* Let the time of your sleep be rationally fitted to your health and labour, and not sensually to your slothful pleasure. About six or seven hours is meet for healthful people, and eight or nine for the less healthful, the weak and aged. The morning hours are to most the preciousest of all the day, for all our duties ; especially *servants* that are scantled of time, must take it then for religious retirement, lest they have none at all.

Direction II. *Let GOD have your first awaking thoughts : Lift up your heart to him reverently and thankfully for the rest of the night past, and briefly cast yourself upon him for the following day ; and use yourself so constantly to this, that your conscience may check you, when common thoughts shall first intrude.*

In the beginning of every day, it should certainly be our care to lift up our hearts to GOD as soon as we wake, and while we are rising. There are so many things that may suggest a great variety of pious *reflections* and *ejaculations*, which are so obvious, that one would think a serious mind could hardly miss them. The ease and cheerfulness of our minds at our first awakening ; the refreshment we find from sleep ; the security we have enjoyed in that defenceless state ; the provision of warm and decent apparel ; the cheerful light of the returning sun ; or even (what is not unfit to mention to you) the contrivances of art, taught and furnished by the great author of all our conveniences, to supply us with many useful hours of life in the absence of the sun ; the hope of returning to the dear society of our friends ; the prospect of spending another day in the service of GOD, and the improvement of our own minds ; and above all, the lively hope of a joyful resurrection to an eternal day of happiness and glory : Any of these *particulars*, and many more which I do not mention, may furnish us with *matter of pleasing reflection and cheerful praise*, while

while we are *rising*. In order to heighten our Gratitude to GOD for the mercies of the last night, it may be proper sometimes to reflect, how many spent that night in hell, and how many in prison, and how many in a colder harder lodging, and how many in grievous pain and sickness, weary of their beds and lives; and how many in distracting terrors of the mind. And how many souls that night were called from their bodies to appear before the dreadful GOD. And think how fast days and nights roul on; and how speedily your last night and day will come. And observe what is wanting in the readiness of your soul, for such a time, and seek it presently without delay.

And for our farther assistance, when we are alone at this time, it may not be improper to speak sometimes to *ourselves*, and sometimes to *our heavenly Father*, in the natural expressions of joy and thankfulness. If we find our hearts *in such a frame* at our first awakening, even that is matter of praise, and the rather as perhaps it is an answer to the prayer, with which we lay down.

*Direction III.* Resolve that pride, and the fashions of the times shall never tempt you into such a garb of attire, as will make you *long in dressing*.

*Direction IV.* Let *secret devotion*, unless in case of necessity, be first before any other work of the day.

It may be proper before you leave your closet, to take *a prospect of the day before you*, so far as you can probably foresee, in the general *where* and *how* it may be spent; and seriously to reflect, "How shall I " employ myself for GOD this day? What business " is to be done, and in what order? What opportu- " nities may I expect either of doing, or of receiving " good? What temptations am I like to be assaulted " with in any place, company, or circumstance, " which may probably occur? In what instances " have I lately failed? And how shall I be safest " now?"

After this review, it will be proper to offer up a short prayer; begging that GOD would quicken you to each of these *foreseen duties*; that he would fortify you against each of these *apprehended dangers*; that he

## 6 Directions for the beginning of the day:

would grant you success in such a business undertaken for his glory ; and also that he would help you to discover and improve unforeseen opportunities, to resist unexpected temptations, and to bear patiently and religiously any afflictions, which may surprize you in the day on which you are entering.

Direction V. Let family-worship be performed constantly and seasonably \* twice a day, at that hour which

is

\* Family-prayer twice a day, is, I fear, very much neglected: That all masters, and parents (into whose hands this book may come,) may be excited to worship GOD with their families every morning and evening, I shall mention what the great, and venerable Mr. Howe has said on this subject. ' I doubt not, it is with a great deal of reason, and from scripture-light too to be determined, that the exercises of family-religion ought to be stately twice a day, that is, with greater solemnity. This is spoken of as a most comely, and becoming thing, a thing that carries its own goodness along with it, Psal. xcii. 1, 2. *It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord, and to sing praises unto thy name, O most high;* (Giving of thanks being one essential part of prayer :) *To shew forth thy loving-kindness in the morning, and thy faithfulness every night.* There can be no reason assigned, why this should concern one particular person, more than why it should every person: No more why it should concern the master of a family alone than those under his care. If the reason of the thing extend to a family as such, the thing itself ought to extend to a family as such: That is, with serious and apprehensive minds and spirits to convene and meet together, to give GOD his due acknowledgment for his loving-kindness every morning, and his faithfulness every night.

And you see, how the Psalmist represents this case in Psal. xlii. 8. *The Lord will command his loving-kindness in the day time, and in the night his song shall be with me, and my prayer unto the GOD of my life.* Observe how his νυχτιμετα, his days and nights, were composed and made up, by the continual meeting together of GOD's loving-kindness, and of his prayer and song every day, and every night, morning and evening; so it is to be understood. " Thy loving-kindness, and my prayer, and praise shall meet one another: So shall my mornings and evenings be continually made up of that grateful contexture of mercy and loving-kindness on thy part, and of prayer and praise on mine." But this cannot concern a particular person upon any reason, but upon which it will equally concern his family, that religious exercises should be there in a stately and continual course.

I may farther reason this matter by some few considerations.

\* Suppose

## For the secret devotions of the morning. 7

is freest in regard of interruption; not omitting it without a just cause, such as you are well satisfied GOD will admit as sufficient. But whenever it is performed, be sure

‘ Suppose any will admit, (which in itself is sufficiently evident,) that it is a very reasonable thing, and manifestly the mind of GOD, that there should be daily exercises of religion in our families, then I would fain know, *which should be excluded, if you would have one excluded?* The LORD faith, morning and night; which would you have excluded? The morning, or the evening sacrifice?

‘ Would you exclude the *morning* exercise of religion? Pray how dare you think of that? Would you not desire GOD’s blessing on your family *this day*? Would you have the labours of the several members of it to be prospered, and succeeded this day? Ask yourselves seriously that question; do you not desire a blessing should descend *this morning* upon your family as such? Again, do not you know, that this world is a place of snares and temptations? How dare you adventure your sons and daughters, and servants into the world, without praying down a blessing upon them, before they go forth, or set about their business? Suppose a disaster should happen, suppose a member of your family should be drawn into some scandalous wickedness; would it not be an uncomfortable reflection, “ I ventured then out without family-prayer; see what comes of it: GOD hath let such a blast befall me, or mine, upon this account.”

‘ Or would you omit the *evening* exercise of religion, of one sort and another? How can you think of that? Do you need none to watch over you this night? Doth not your house need a better keeper than you can be, especially when you are asleep; *the keeper of Israel, who neither slumbereth, nor sleepeth?* When we dwell in the midst of continual dangers, as we have so frequent experience; when some, that went to bed possessed of comfortable habitations, are unhoused and out of all in the morning? It is not pretended, that family-prayer or family-religion will be a certain protection of your habitations from such disasters; as experience hath from time to time shewn: But I would appeal to you concerning the difference; suppose such a calamity to befall a religious family, and suppose it to befall an impious ungodly family. On the one hand, “ My family hath been the seat of religion; I have desired, that GOD might be honoured, and served there [particularly *morning* and *evening*:] Of this I have been studious.” How free and easy is the way of access to GOD, when such a person is not affrighted by guilt, and the horrors of an amazed conscience! But on the other side to be forced to say; “ I can look for no relief from GOD in this case, for I have neglected Him, I have forsaken Him, and banished Him my house; He had no [daily] worship from me:”

### 8 - Directions for the beginning of the day :

sure it be reverently, seriously, and spiritually done. Begin with a brief invocation of GOD's name, and craving of his help and blessing through Christ; and then read some part of the holy scripture in order, and either help the hearers to understand, or apply it; or if you are unable for that, read some profitable book to them for such ends? and sing a psalm (if there be know to do it fitly) and earnestly pour out your souls in prayer. This, as well as other offices of devotion, before and afterwards mentioned, must come from the heart; for not to offer our prayers and praises *heartily*, is in the sight of GOD not to pray to him, not to praise him all.

The lively performance of family-duties is a principal means to keep up the power and interest of godliness in the world; which all decays, when these grow dead and slight, and formal \*. But this leads me to the next Direction.

### Direct.

" What will this issue in? But if there be no such bar in the way between GOD and us; " Now my habitation is consumed, and turned into flames and ashes, I have no dwelling; " but thanks be to GOD, the secret of the divine presence lieth open to me; I can go to Him and say, Lord, Thou hast been thy people's habitation, thro' all generations. I shall never be destitute of a dwelling, as long as I have such a GOD to go to, and may solace my self in his love." *For be that dwelleth in love, dwelleth in GOD and GOD in him.* How unsolicitous will that heart be, that finds itself possessed of a dwelling in the divine love! That love will carry thro' all the straits, and difficulties of time, and provide richly for us in an immense eternity, that shall ensue. This makes a vast difference betwixt one that serveth the Lord, and one that serveth Him not."

\* I think it proper to transcribe a passage from the life of the heavenly Mr. Philip Henry, hoping it may engage some one to copy after the pious pattern. In his *family-worship*, he always began with a short, but very solemn prayer, imploring the divine presence and grace, assistance and acceptance; particularly begging a blessing upon the word, to be read; in reference to which he often put up this petition: *That the same spirit that indited the scripture, would enable us to understand the scripture, and to make up something to ourselves out of it, that may do us good.*

He next *sung a psalm*. He would say that a scripture-ground for singing psalms, might be taken from *Psalm cxviii. 15. The voice of rejoicing and salvation is in the tabernacles of the righteous.*

He

*For the secret devotions of the morning.* 9

Direction VI. *Be serious in the devotions of the day whether publick, or domestick.* Take a few moments before you enter upon such solemnities, to pause, and reflect on the perfections of the GOD you are going to address yourself to ; on the importance of the business you are coming about ; on the pleasure and advantage of a regular and devout attendance ; and on the guilt and folly of an hypocritical formality. *When engaged,* maintain a strict watchfulness over your own spirit, and check the first wanderings of thought. And *when the duty is over,* immediately reflect on the manner in which it has been performed, and ask your conscience, whether you have reason to conclude, that you are accepted of GOD in it ? For there is a certain manner of going through these offices, which our own hearts will immediately tell us, it is impossible for GOD to approve ; and if you have inadvertently fallen into it, you ought to be deeply humbled before GOD for it, *lest your very prayer become sin,* (Psalms cix. 7.)

Direction VII. *Renew the actual intention, and remembrance of your ultimate end, when you set yourself to your day's work, or set upon any notable business in the world.* Let HOLINESS TO THE LORD be written upon your hearts in all that you do. Do no work which you cannot intitle GOD to, and truly say he set you about ; and do nothing in the world for any other ultimate end, than to please and glorify, and enjoy him. And remember that whatever you do, must be done as a means to these, and as by one that is that way going on to heaven. All your labour must be as the labour of a traveller, which is all for his journey's end ; and all your respect or affection for any place or thing in your way, must be in respect to your

He next read a portion of scripture. In prayer we speak to GOD, by the word GOD speaks to us ; and is there any reason (faith he) that we should speak all. Sometimes he would say, those do well that pray morning and evening in their families ; those do better, that pray and read the scriptures ; but those best of all, that pray, read, and sing psalms ; and christians should covet earnestly the best gifts.

The chapter being read and expounded, he then prayed, and always kneeling, which he looked upon as the fittest and most proper gesture for prayer.

## 20 Particular advices for family worship.

your attainment of the end ; as a traveller loveth a good way, a good horse, a good inn, a dry coat, or good company ; but nothing must be loved here, as your end or home : Lift up your hearts to heaven and say, If this work and way did not tend thither directly or indirectly, it were no work or way for me. *Whatever you do, do all to the glory of GOD,* (1 Cor. x. 31.)

Direction VIII. *Follow the labours of your calling diligently.* As for the hours of worldly business, whether it be that of the hands ; or whether it the labour of a learned life, not immediately relating to religious matters : Let us set to the prosecution of it with a sense of GOD's authority, (and as it was mentioned before) with a regard to his glory. Let us avoid a dreaming, sluggish, indolent temper, *which nods over its work,* and does only the business in one hour in two, or three. In opposition to this which runs thro' the life of some people, who yet think they are never idle, let us endeavour to dispatch as much as we well can in a little time : considering, that it is but a little we have in all. And let us be habitually sensible of the need we have of the divine blessing, to make our labours successful.

I would press the above advice, *be diligent in business;* because from hence will follow many advantages. 1. You will shew, that you are not sluggish, and servants to your flesh, as those that cannot deny its ease ; and you will further the mortification of all fleshly lusts and desires, which are fed by ease and idleness. 2. You will keep out idle thoughts from your minds, which swarm in the minds of idle persons. 3. You will escape the loss of precious time, which idle persons are daily guilty of. 4. You will be in a course of obedience to GOD, when the slothful are in a constant sin of omission. 5. You may have the more time to spare for holy exercises, if you follow your labour close when you are at it, when idle persons can have no time for prayer and reading, because they lose it by loitering at their work, and leave their business still behind-hand. 6. You may expect GOD's blessing for the comfortable provision for yourselves and families, and to have to give to them that need, when

when the slothful are in want themselves, and cast by their want into abundance of temptations, and have nothing to do good with. 7. And it will also tend to the health of your bodies, which will make them fitter for the service of your souls. When slothfulness wastes time and health, and estate, and memory, and grace, and all.

*Direction IX. Be prudent and moderate in your recreations.* Let us take care that our recreations be well chosen ; that they be pursued with a good intention, to fit us for a renewed application to the labours of life ; and thus, that they be only in subordination to the honour of GOD, the great end of all our actions. Let us take heed, that our hearts be not estranged to GOD by them ; that they do not take up too much of our time : Always remembiring that the faculties of the human nature, and the advantages of the Christian revelation, were not given us in vain ; but that we are always to be in pursuit of some great and honourable end, and to indulge ourselves in amusements, and diversions no farther, than as they make part in a scheme of rational, and manly, benevolent, and pious conduct.

*Direction X. Be thoroughly acquainted with your corruptions and temptations, and watch against them all the day ; especially the most dangerous sort of your corruptions, and those temptations which your company, or business, will unavoidably lay before you.* Be still watching and working against the master radical sins of unbelief, hypocrisy, selfishness, pride, sensuality, and the inordinate love of earthly things. Take heed lest under pretence of diligence in your calling, you be drawn to earthly-mindedness, and excessive cares or covetous designs of rising in the world. If you are to trade or deal with others, take heed of selfishness, which desireth to draw or save from others, as much as you can for yourselves, and your own advantage. Take heed of all that favoureth of injustice or uncharitableness in all your dealings with others. If you converse with vain talkers, be still provided against the vanity of talk. If you converse with angry persons, be still fortified against their provocations. If you

## 12 *Temptations should be watched against.*

you have servants that are still faulty, be so provided against the temptation, that their faults may not make you faulty, and you may do nothing that is unfeemly, or unjust, but only that which tendeth to their amendment. If you are poor, be still provided against the temptations of poverty, that it bring not upon you an evil far greater than itself. If you are rich, be most diligent in fortifying your heart against those most dangerous temptations of riches, which very few escape. If you converse with flatterers, or those that much admire you, be fortified against *swelling pride*. If you converse with those that *despise* and *injure* you, be fortified against *impatient revengeful pride*. These works at first will be very difficult, while sin is in any strength ; but when you have got an habitual apprehension of the poisonous danger of every one of these sins, and of the tendency of all temptations, your hearts will readily and easily avoid them, without much tiring thoughtfulness and care ; even as a man will pass by a houle infected with the plague, or go out of the way, if he meet with any thing that would hurt him. It is necessary also when changing our place and employment, to reflect, "What *snares* attend me here?" And this should be your habitual care, so you should especially guard against those snares which in the morning you foresaw. And when you are entering on those circumstances in which you expected the assault, you would do well to reflect, especially if it be a matter of great importance, "Now the *combat* " is going to begin : Now GOD and the *blessed an-* " " *gels* are observing, what constancy, what fortitude " " there is in my soul ; and how far the *divine autho-* " " *rity*, and the remembrance of my own *prayers* and " " *resolutions* will weigh with me, when it comes to a " " trial."

Direction XI. *When you are alone in your labours, improve the time in practical fruitful (not barren speculative) meditations.* That you may be able to have the government of your meditations in solitude : Accustom yourselves, on all occasions, to exercise a due command over your thoughts. Take care of those entanglements of passion, and those attachments to any

any present interest, and view, which would deprive you of your power over them. Set before you some profitable subject of thought: Such as, the *perfections* of the blessed GOD, the love of *Christ*, the value of *time*, the certainty and importance of *death*, and *judgment*, and of the *ETERNITY* of happiness or misery, which is to follow. At such intervals reflect also, on what you have observed as to the *state of your own soul*, with regard to the advance or decline of religion; or on the last *sermon* you heard, or the last portion of *scripture* you have read. It might be useful to select *some one verse of scripture*, which you have met with in the morning, and to treasure it up in your mind, resolving to think of that at any time when you are at a loss for matter of pious reflection, in any intervals of leisure for entering upon it. This will often be as a *spring* from whence many *profitable* and *delightful* thoughts may arise, which perhaps we did not before see in that connection and force. Or if it should not be so, yet I am persuaded, it will be much better to repeat the same scripture in our mind a hundred times in a day, with some pious ejaculations formed upon it, than to leave our thoughts at the mercy of all those various trifles, which may otherwise intrude upon us; the *variety* of which will be far from making amends for their *vanity*.

Direction XII. *When you are in company, govern your discourses well in the conversations of the day:* Take great care that nothing may escape you, which can expose you, or your christian profession, to censure and reproach: nothing *injurious* to those that are absent, or to those that are present; nothing *malignant*, nothing *insincere*; nothing which may *corrupt*, nothing which may *provoke*, nothing which may *mislead* those about us. Nor should we by any means be content, that what we say is *innocent*; it should be our desire, that it may be *edifying* to ourselves and others. In this view we should endeavour to have some subject of useful discourse always ready; in which we may be assisted by the hints given, about *furniture for thought* under the former head. We should watch for decent opportunities of introducing useful reflections; and if

## 14 Management of discourse in company.

a pious friend attempt to do it, we should endeavour to second it immediately. When the conversation does not turn directly on religious subjects, we should endeavour to make it improving some other way: We should reflect on the character, and capacities of the company, that we may lead them to talk of what they understand best; for their discourses on these subjects will probably be most pleasing to themselves, as well as most useful to us. And in pauses of discourse, it may not be improper to *lift up an holy ejaculation* to GOD, that his grace may assist us, and our friends, in our endeavours to do good to each other; that all we *say and do*, may be worthy the character of reasonable creatures, and of christians.

Direction XII. *Whatever you are doing in company or alone, let the day be spent in the inward exercise of the graces of the soul, as well as in external bodily duties.* And to that end know, that there is no *external* duty, but must have some *internal* grace to animate it; or else it is but an image or carcass, and unacceptable to GOD.

Direction XIII. *Keep up an high esteem of time, and be every day more careful that you lose none of your time, than you are that you lose none of your \* gold or silver: And if vain recreations, dressings, idle talk, unprofitable company or sleep, be any of them temptations to rob you of any of your time, accordingly heighten your watchfulness and firm resolutions against them.* Be not more careful to escape thieves and robbers, than to escape that person or action, or course of life, that would rob you of any of your time. And for the redeeming of time especially see, not only that you be *never idle*, but also that you be doing the *greatest good* that you can do, and prefer not a less before a greater.

Direction XIV. *Eat and drink with temperance and thankfulness, for health and not for unprofitable pleasure.* For quantity most carefully avoid excess. Let

\* O Time! than gold more sacred—

Part with it as with money, sparing; pay

No moment but in purchase of its worth:

And what its worth, ask death-beds, they can tell.

Prov'dences carefully to be observed. 15

your diet incline rather to the coarser than the finer sort, and to the cheaper than the costly sort. Lettrich men remember, *Ezek. xvi. 49.* BEHOLD THIS WAS THE INIQUITY OF SODOM, PRIDE, FULLNESS OF BREAD, AND ABUNDANCE OF IDLENESS WAS IN HER. And *Luke xvi. 19.*

25. *There was a certain rich man cloathed in purple and fine linen, and fared sumptuously every day.* — Son, remember that thou in thy life-time receivest thy good things. The Apostle Paul wept, when he mentioned them, *whose end is destruction, whose GOD is their belly, and whose glory is in their shame, who mind earthly things, being enemies to the cross.* *Phil. iii. 18, 19.* O live not after the flesh, lest ye die, *Rom. viii. 13.* *Gal. vi. 8.* and *v. 21, 23, 24.*

Direction XV. *If any temptation prevail against you, and you fall into any sins besides common infirmities, presently lament it, and confess not only to GOD, but to man, when confession conduceth more to good than harm; and rise by a true and thorough repentance, immediately without delay.* Spare not the flesh, and dawb not over the breach, and do not by excuses palliate the sore, but speedily rise, whatever it cost: For it will certainly cost you more to go on, or to remain impenitent. And for your *ordinary infirmities*, make not too light of them, but confess them, and daily strive against them; and examine what strength you get against them, and do not aggravate them by impenitence, and contempt.

Direction XVI. *Every day look to the special duties of your several relations.* Whether you are a husband, wife, parent, child, master, servant, pastor, magistrate, subject, remember that every relation hath its special duty and its advantage for the doing of some good; and that GOD requireth your faithfulness in these, as well as in any other duty; and that in these a man's sincerity or hypocrisy is usually more tried than in any other parts of our lives.

Direction XVII. *Carefully remark the providences of the day.* For the observation of providences it will be useful to regard the divine interposition, in our *comforts*, and in our *afflictions*. — In our *comforts*, whether

## 16 *Divine assistance to be always sought.*

ther more common or extraordinary : that we find ourselves in continued *health* ; that we are furnished with *food* convenient for us ; that we have so many agreeable ways of employing our *time* ; that we have so many *friends*, and those so good and so happy ; that our business goes on prosperously ; that we go out and come in safely ; and that we enjoy composure and cheerfulness of spirit, without which nothing else could be enjoyed. All these should be regarded as *providential favours*, and due acknowledgments should be made to GOD on these accounts, as we pass through such agreeable scenes.—On the other hand, *providence* is to be regarded in every *disappointment*, in every *loss*, in every *pain*, in every instance of *unkindness* from our relations, and from those who have professed friendship ; and we should endeavour to argue ourselves into a patient submission, from this consideration, that the hand of GOD is always *mediately*, if not *immediately*, in each of them ; and that if they are not properly the *work* of *providence*, they are at least under its *direction*. It is a reflection which we should particularly make with relation to those *little cross accidents*, (as we are ready to call them) and those infirmities and follies in the temper and conduct of our intimate friends, which may else be ready to discompose us. And it is the more necessary to guard our minds here, as wife and good men often lose the command of themselves on these comparative *little occasions* ; who calling up reason and religion to their assistance, stand the shock of *great calamities* with fortitude and resolution.

Direction XVIII. *Keep up a lively and humble dependance on divine influence suitable to every emergency of the day.* As for dependance on divine grace and influence ; it must be *universal* : And as we always need it, we must *never forget* that necessity. A *moment* spent in humble fervent breathings after the communications of *divine assistance* may do more good than *many minutes* spent in *mere reasonings*. And tho' indeed this should not be neglected, since the light of reasoning is a kind of divine illumination ; yet still it ought to be pursued in a due sense of our dependance

dependance on the Father of Lights, or where we think ourselves wilest, we may become vain in our imagination. Let us therefore always call upon GOD, and say, for instance, when we are going to pray, "Lord, fix my attention: Awaken my holy affections, and pour out upon me the spirit of grace and supplication!" When taking the bible, or any other good book, "Open thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of thy law! Enlighten my understanding! Warm my heart! May my good resolutions be confirmed, and all the course of my life in a proper manner regulated!" When addressing ourselves to any worldly busines, "Lord, prosper thou the work of mine hands upon me, and give thy blessing to my honest endeavours!" "When going to any kind of recreation," "Lord, bless my refreshments! Let me not forget Thee in them, but still keep thy glory in view!" When coming into company, "Lord, may I do and get some good! Let no corrupt communication proceed out of my mouth, but that which is good to the use of edifying, that it may minister grace to the bearers!" When entering upon difficulties, "Lord, give me that wisdom which is profitable to direct! Teach me thy way, and lead me in a plain path!" When encountering with temptations, "Let thy strength, O gracious Redeemer, be made perfect in my weakness!" These instances may illustrate the design of this direction, tho' they be far from a compleat enumeration of all the circumstances in which it is to be regarded.

Direction XIX. *In the evening return to the worshiping of GOD, in the family, and in secret.* Begin your evening devotion (according to the directions in the morning, *viz.*) with a short *prayer*, begging the divine presence and acceptance, and the aid of the Holy Spirit in reading the scripture, by whom that sacred book was dictated; never forgetting to mention *Christ* as the great foundation of all our enjoyments, and our hopes. After this *read* a portion of scripture with suitable reflections, or some pious exposition. Then *sing* an hymn or psalm; to be followed by a *longer* *prayer*. In this address to the throne of grace, it will

181 *Directions for self-examination.*

be highly proper to intreat that GOD would pardon the omissions and offences of the day; to praise him for mercies temporal and spiritual; to recommend ourselves to his protection for the ensuing night; with proper petitions for others, whom we ought to bear on our hearts before him, particularly for those friends with whom we have conversed or corresponded in the preceding day.

Direction XX. *Every night before you betake yourself to sleep, call yourself to an account for the actions of the day, and examine your heart and life, how you have discharged your duty with regard to GOD, yourself, and fellow-creatures.* Before I quit this direction I must remind you, that daily self-examination is so important a duty, that it will be worth our while to spend a few words upon it. And this branch of it is so easy, that when we have proper questions before us, any person of a common understanding may hope to go through it with advantage under a divine blessing. I offer you therefore the following queries, which, or some more useful ones, I hope you will make use of every evening.

## HEADS OF SELF-EXAMINATION,

*For daily use.*

“ **D**ID I wake as with GOD this morning, and  
“ rise with a grateful sense of his goodness?  
“ How were the secret devotions of the morning  
“ performed? Did I offer my solemn prayers and  
“ praises with becoming attention, and suitable affec-  
“ tions?

“ Did I lay my scheme for the business of the day  
“ wisely and well?

“ How did I read the scripture, or any other devo-  
“ tional or practical piece, which I might afterwards  
“ review? Did it do my heart good, or was it a  
“ mere amusement?

“ How

“ How have the other stated devotions of the day  
“ been attended, whether in the *family*, or in *pub-*  
“ *lick?* ”

“ Have I pursued the common busines of this day  
“ with *diligence* and *spirituality*; doing every thing in  
“ season, and with all convenient dispatch, and *as unto*  
“ *the Lord?* ”

“ Have I indulged myself in *sleeping* beyond what  
“ is a necessary or convenient refreshment? ”

“ What *time* have I lost this day in the morning or  
“ the forenoon, in the afternoon, or the evening? ”

“ And what has occasioned the loss of it? ”

“ Have I seen the hand of GOD in my *mercies*,  
“ *health*, *chearfulness*, *food*, *cloathing*, *books*, *pre-*  
“ *servation* in *journies*, *success* of *busines*, *conver-*  
“ *sation* and *kindness* of *friends*, &c. ”

“ Have I seen the hand of GOD in *afflictions*, and  
“ particularly in *little things* which had a tendency to  
“ vex and disquiet me? And with regard to this in-  
“ terposition, have I received my comforts *thankfully*,  
“ and my afflictions *submissively*? ”

“ How have I guarded against the *temptations* of  
“ the day, particularly against this or that tempta-  
“ tion, which I foresaw in the morning? ”

“ Have I maintained an humble dependance on *di-*  
“ *vine influences*? ”

“ Have I *lived by faith in the Son of GOD*, Gal.  
“ ii. 20. and regarded CHRIST this day, as my  
“ teacher and governor, my atonement and inter-  
“ cessor, my example and guardian, my strength and  
“ forerunner? ”

“ Have I been looking forward to *death* and *ever-*  
“ *inity* this day, and considered myself as a probatio-  
“ ner for heaven, and through grace an expectant of  
“ it? ”

“ Have I governed my *thoughts* well, especially in  
“ such or such an interval of *solitude*? ”

“ Have I governed my *discourses* well in such or  
“ such company? Did I say nothing *passionate*—  
“ *mischievous*—*slanderous*—*imprudent*—*im-*  
“ *pertinent*? ”

\* *These divisions will assist your recollection.*

20 Directions for self-examination.

" Has my heart this day been full of *love* to GOD  
" and all mankind ; and have I sought, and found,  
" and improved opportunities of *doing* and of *getting*  
" *good* ?

" With what attention and improvement have I  
" *read the scripture this evening* ?

" How was *self-examination* performed the *last*  
" *night* ; and how have I profited this day by any  
" *remarks* I then made on former negligences and  
" *mistakes* ?

" With *what temper* did I then *lie down and compose*  
" *myself to sleep* ?

You will easily see, that these questions are so adjusted, as to be an abridgment of the most material advices, which have been given above. Could I be so happy as to prevail with you to follow this direction, you would soon find the usefulness of such daily enquiries : They will not take up much time ; conscience will answer them in a few minutes. But if you think them too large and particular, you may make still a shorter abstract for daily use, and reserve these, with such obvious alterations as will then be necessary, for seasons of more than ordinary exactness in review, which, I hope, will occur at least once a week.

Secret devotion being thus performed, before drowsiness renders us unfit for it, the interval between that and our going to rest must be conducted by the rules mentioned under the next direction.

Direction XXI. *Lie down on your bed in a pious frame.* I would put you in mind of a few sentiments, with which we should lie down, and compose ourselves to sleep. Now here it is obviously suitable to think of the divine goodness, in adding *another day*, and the *mercies* of it, to former days and mercies of our life ; to take notice of the *indulgence* of providence, in giving us *commodious habitations*, and *easy beds*, and continuing to us such *healths of body*, that we can lay ourselves down at ease upon them, and such *serenity of mind*, as leaves us any room to hope for refreshing sleep : A refreshment to be sought not merely as an *indulgence to animal nature*, but as what our wise

creator, in order to keep us humble in the midst of so many infirmities, *has been pleased to make necessary* to our being able to pursue his service with renewed alacrity. Thus may our *sleeping* as well as *waking* hours, be in some sense devoted to GOD. And when we are just going to resign ourselves to the *image of death*, to what one of the ancients beautifully calls *its lesser mysteries*, it is also evidently proper to think seriously of that end of all the living, and to renew those actings of repentance and faith, which we should judge necessary, if we were to wake no more here. I shall close this direction with a meditation of that kind: And which I could wish you, to make so familiar to yourself, as that you might be able to recollect the substance of it, whenever you compose yourself to sleep.

*A Serious VIEW OF DEATH, proper  
to be taken as we lie down on our  
beds.*

“ **O** My soul, look forward a little with seriousness and attention, and *learn wisdom* by the consideration of thy latter end. Another of thy mortal days is now number'd, and finished: And as I have *put off my cloaths*, and laid myself upon *my bed*, for the repose of the night; so will the day of life quickly come to its period, so must the *body itself* be put off, and laid to its repose *in a bed of dust*. There let it rest; for it will be no more regarded by me than the cloaths which I have now laid aside. I have another far more important concern to attend. Think, O my soul, when death comes, thou art to enter upon the *eternal world*, and to be fixed either in *heaven* or in *hell*. All the schemes and cares, the hopes and fears, the pleasures and sorrows of life, will come to their period, and the world of spirits will open upon thee. And, Oh, how soon may it open! Perhaps before the *returning sun* bring on the light of another day. To-“ *morrow's*

22 *A view of death at the close of the day.*

“ morrow’s sun may not enlighten mine eyes, but  
“ only shine round a *senseless corpse*, which may lie in  
“ the place of this animated body. At least the death  
“ of many in the flower of their age, and many who  
“ were superior to me in capacity, piety, and the  
“ prospects of usefulness, may loudly warn me not to  
“ depend on a long life, and engage me rather to  
“ wonder that I am continued here so many years,  
“ than to be surprized if I am speedily removed.

“ And now, O my soul, answer as in the sight of  
GOD ; *Art thou ready? Art thou ready?* Is there no  
“ sin unforsaken, and so unrepented of, to fill me  
“ with anguish in my departing moments, and to  
“ make me tremble on the brink of eternity ? Dread  
“ to remain under the guilt of it, and *this moment*  
“ renew thy most earnest applications to the mercy  
“ of GOD, and the blood of a Redeemer, for deli-  
“ verance from it.

“ But if the great account be already adjusted, if  
“ thou hast cordially repented of thy numerous of-  
“ fenses, if thou hast sincerely committed thyself by  
“ faith into the hands of the blessed Jesus, and hast  
“ not renounced thy covenant with him by returning  
“ to the allowed practice of sin, then *start not at the*  
“ *thoughts of a separation* ; it is not in the power of  
“ death to hurt a soul devoted to GOD, and united  
“ to the great Redeemer. It may take me from my  
“ wordly comforts ; it may disconcert and break my  
“ schemes for service on earth ; but, O my soul, di-  
“ viner entertainments, and nobler services wait thee  
“ beyond the grave. For ever blessed be the name  
“ of GOD, and the love of JESUS, for these quiet-  
“ ing, encouraging, joyful views ! I will now lay me  
“ down in peace, and sleep, free from the fears of  
“ what shall be the issue of this night, whether life,  
“ or death may be appointed for me. *Father, into*  
“ *thy hands I commend my spirit* ; for *thou hast re-*  
“ *deemed me, O GOD of truth*, and therefore I can  
“ *clearfully refer it to thy choice, whether I shall*  
“ *wake in this world or another.*”

Direction XXII. *If you should awake in the night, or can't sleep, let your meditations be holy, and exercised upon that subject that is profitablist to your souls.* But I cannot give this as an ordinary direction, because that the body must have sleep, or else it will be unfit for labour, and all thoughts of holy things must be serious ; and all serious thoughts will hinder sleep, and those that wake in the night, do wake unwillingly, and would not put themselves out of hopes of sleep, which such serious meditations would do. Nor can I advise you to rise in the night to prayer, as some do : For this is but to serve GOD with irrational, and hurtful ceremony : Unless men did irrationally place the service of GOD in praying this hour rather than another, they might see how improvidentially they lose their time ; in twice dressing, and undressing, and in the intervals of their sleep, when they might spare all that time, by fitting up the longer, or rising the earlier, for the same employment. Besides what tendency it hath to the destruction of health, by cold and interruption of necessary rest ; when GOD approveth not of the disabling the body, or destroying our health, or shortning life, but only calleth us to deny our unnecessary sensual delights, and use the body so as it may be most serviceable to the soul and Him.

I have briefly laid together these 23 Directions for the right spending of every day, that those that need them, may get them engraven on their minds, and make them the daily practice of their lives ; which if you will sincerely do, you cannot conceive how much it will conduce to the holiness, fruitfulness, and quietness of your lives, and to your peaceful and comfortable death.

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## DIRECTIONS

FOR THE

### Holy spending the LORD's DAY.

Direction I. **R**emember the Lord's Day before it comes, and prepare for it, and prevent those disturbances that would hinder you and deprive you of the benefit. For preparation : 1. Six days you must labour and do all that you have to do : Dispatch all your business that you may not have it then to hinder and disturb you ; and see that your servants do the same. 2. Shake off the thoughts of worldly things, and clear your minds of worldly delights and cares. 3. Call to mind the doctrine taught you last Lord's day, (and if you have servants cause them to remember it) that you may be prepared to receive the next. 4. Go seasonably to bed, that you and your servants may not be constrained to lie long the next morning, or be sleepy on the Lord's day. 5. Let your *meditations* be preparatory for the day, repent of the sins of the week past, as particularly and seriously as you can ; and seek for pardon and peace thro' Christ, that you come not with *guilt* or *trouble* upon your consciences before the Lord.

Direct. II. *Let your first thoughts be not only holy, but suitable to the day.* With gladness remember what a day of mercies you awake to, and how early your Redeemer rose from the dead that day, and what excellent work you are to be employed in.

Direct. III. *Rise full as early this day, as you do on other days.* Think not your worldly business more worthy

## DIRECTIONS for the holy spendin g25

worthy of your early rising, than your spiritual em-  
ployment.

Direct. IV. Let your dressing-time be spent in some  
fruitful meditation, or conference: And let it not be  
long to detain you from your duty.

Direct. V. Go first to secret prayer: And if you  
are servants, or have any NECESSARY busines to  
do, dispatch it quickly, that you may be free for bet-  
ter work.

Direct. VI. Let family worship come next, and not  
be performed slightly, but seriously and reverently, and  
suit all to the nature and end of the day. Especially  
awaken yourselves and servants to consider what you  
have to do in publick, and to go with prepared sanc-  
tified hearts.

Direct. VII. Enter the holy assembly with reverence  
and joy, and compose yourselves as those who come thither  
to treat with the living GOD, about the matters of  
eternal life. And watch your hearts that they wander  
not, nor sleep not, nor slight the sacred matters which  
you are about. And guard your eyes, that they carry  
not away your hearts; and let not your hearts be a  
moment idle, but seriously employed all the time:  
And when distemper'd christians are quarrelling with  
the imperfections of speaker, or congregation, or  
mode of worship, do you rather make it your diligent  
endeavour, to watch your hearts, and improve what  
you hear.

Direct. VIII. As soon as you come home, while din-  
ner is preparing, it will be a seasonable time, either  
for secret prayer or meditation, to call over what you  
heard, and urge it on your heart, and beg GOD's help  
for the improvement of it, and pardon for your publick  
failings.

Direct. IX. Let your time at meat be spent in the  
cheerful remembrance or mention of the love of your  
Redeemer, or somewhat suitable to the company and the  
day.

Direct. X. After dinner call your family together,  
and sing a \* psalm of praise, and by examination, or  
repetition, or both, cause them to remember what was  
publickly taught them.

These

These things are not to be insisted on, as if the neglect of them argued *prophaneness*; but yet as greatly promoting men's *pity* and *heavenly-mindedness*, and very serviceable to their better discharging the *necessary* duties of the day.

Direct. XI. *Then go again to the congregation, (to the beginning) and behave yourselves as directed before.*

Direct. XII. *When you come home, call your family together, and first beg GOD's assistance and acceptance; and then sing \* a psalm of praise; and then repeat the sermon which you heard, or read one out of some lively profitable book; and then pray and praise GOD; and all with the holy seriousness and joy which is suitable to the work and day.*

Direct. XIII. *Then while supper is preparing, betake yourselves to reading, secret prayer, and meditation, either in your chambers or walking, as you find most profitable: And let your servants have no more to hinder them from the same privilege than what is of NECESSITY.*

Direct. XIV. *At supper spend the time as is aforesaid (at dinner: ) Always remembering, that tho' it be a day of thanksgiving, it is not a day of gluttony; and that you must not use too full a diet, lest it make you heavy and drowsy, and unfit for holy duties.*

Direct. XV. *After supper examine your children and servants what they have learnt all day, and sing \* a psalm of praise; and conclude with prayer and thanksgiving.*

Direct. XVI. *After this, both you and they are in secret to review the duties and mercies, and failings of the day, and recommend yourselves by prayer into the bands*

\* Psalms and songs of praise to the great Creator, Redeemer, and Sanctifier of our souls, should be made [a considerable] part of the *private* as well as *publick* service of this glad day.

The holy angels, and spirits of just men in heaven, are said to sing eternal hallelujahs unto the great King: And if our sabbath (says Bishop Hopkins) be typical of heaven, and the work of the sabbath represents to us the everlasting work of these blessed spirits, how can it be better done than when we are singing forth the praises of him that sits upon the throne, and of the Lamb our Redeemer?

bands of GOD for the night following: And so betake yourself to your rest.

Direct. XVII. *And to shut up all, let your lust thoughts be holy, in the thankful sense of the mercy you have received, and the goodness of GOD revealed by your Mediator, and comfortably trusting your soul and body into his hands, and long for your nearer approach unto his glory, and the beholding and fully enjoying of him for ever.*

I have briefly named this order of duties, for the memory of those that have opportunity to observe it: But if any man's place and condition deny him opportunity for some of these, he must do what he can: but see that carnal negligence cause not his omission. And now I appeal to Reason, Conscience, and Experience, whether this employment be not more suitable to the principles, ends, and hopes of a Christian, than idleness, or vain talk and common visiting, or worldly busines or discourse? And whether this would not exceedingly conduce to the increase of knowledge, holiness and honesty? And whether there be a worldling, or voluptuous sensualist of them all, that had not rather be found thus at death; or look back when time is past upon the LORD's day thus spent, than as the idle, sensual and ungodly spend them?

### **A SERIOUS PERSUASIVE to such a method of spending every ORDINARY DAY and every LORD'S DAY, as has been represented.**

I Have been assigning in the preceding Directions, what I fear will seem to some of my readers so hard a task, that they will want courage to attempt it; and it is indeed a life in many respects *so far above* that of the generality of christians, that I am not without apprehensions, that many who deserve the name, may think the directions, after all the precautions with which I have proposed them, are carried

to an unnecessary degree of nicety and strictness. But I am persuaded much of the *credit* and *comfort* of christianity is lost, in consequence of its professors fixing *their aims too low*, and not conceiving of their *high and holy calling* in so elevated and sublime a view, as the nature of *religion* would require, and the *word of GOD* would direct. I am fully convinced, that the expressions of *walking with GOD, of being in the fear of the Lord all the day long* (\*), and above all, that of *loving the Lord our GOD with all our heart and soul, and mind and strength* (†), must require, if not *all* these circumstances, yet the *substance of all* that I have been recommending, so far as we have *capacity, leisure and opportunity*: And I cannot but think, that *many* might command more of the latter, and perhaps improve their capacities too, if they would take a due care in the government of themselves; if they would give up vain and unnecessary diversions, and certain *indulgences*, which only fuit and delight the lower part of our nature; and, to say the *best* of them, deprive us of *pleasures* much better than themselves, if they do not plunge us into guilt. Many of these rules would appear easily practicable, if men would learn to know *the value of time*, and particularly to redeem it from unnecessary *sleep*, which wastes many golden hours of the day: *hours* in which many of *GOD's servants* are delighting themselves in him, and drinking in full draughts of the water of life; while these their brethren are slumbering upon their beds, and lost in *vain dreams*, as far below the common entertainments of a rational creature, as the *pleasures* of the sublimest devotion are above them.

§ 2. I know likewise, that the mind is *very fickle* and *inconstant*; and that it is a hard thing to preserve such a government and authority over our thoughts, as would be very desirable, and as the plan I have laid down will require. But so much of the honour of *GOD*, and so much of your own true happiness depends upon it, that I beg you give me a *patient* and *attentive* hearing, while I am pleading with you; and that you will seriously examine the arguments, and

\* *Prov. xxiii. 17.*† *Mark xii. 30.*

then

then judge, whether a care and conduct like that which I have advised, be not in itself reasonable; and whether it will not be highly conducive to your comfort and usefulness in life, your peace in death, and the advancement and increase of your eternal glory.

§ 3. Let conscience say whether such a life as I have described above, be not *in itself highly reasonable*. Look over the substance of it again, and bring it under a close examination; for I am very apprehensive that some weak objections may arise against the *whole*, which may in their consequences affect *particulars*, against which no reasonable man would presume to make any objection at all. Recollect, Oh Christian, and carry it with you in your memory and your heart, while you are pursuing this review, that you are the *creature of GOD*, that you are *purchased with the blood of Jesus*; and then say whether *these* relations in which you stand, do not demand all that application and resolution which I would engage you to. Suppose all the counsels I have given reduced into practice. Suppose every day *begun* and *concluded* with such devout breathings after GOD, and such holy retirements for morning and evening converse with him and with your own heart. Suppose a daily care in contriving how your time may be managed, and in reflecting how it has been employed. Suppose this regard to GOD, this sense of his presence, and zeal for his glory, to run through your acts of worship, your hours of business and recreations. Suppose this attention to *providence*, this guard against *temptations*, this dependance upon *divine influence*, this government of the *thoughts in solitude*, and of the *discourses in company*: Nay, I will add farther, Suppose every *particular* direction given, to be pursued, excepting when particular cases occur, with respect to which you shall be able in conscience to say, "I waive it not from indolence and carelessness, but because "I think it will just now be more pleasing to GOD "to be doing something else;" which may often happen in human life, where *general rules* are best concerted. Suppose, I say, all this to be done, not for a day, or a week, but through the remainder of

30 *It will conduce to your comfort in life,*

life, whether longer or shorter; and suppose this to be reviewed at the *close of life*, in the full exercise of your rational faculties: Will there be reason to say in the reflection, "I have taken too much pains in religion: The Author of my being did not deserve all this from me: Less diligence, less fidelity, less zeal than this, might have been an equivalent for the blood which was shed for my redemption: A part of my heart, a part of my time, a part of my labours, might have sufficed for Him, who hath given me all my powers; for Him, who has delivered me from that destruction, which would have made them my everlasting torment; for Him, who is raising me to the regions of a blissful immortality." Can you, with any face, say this? If you cannot, then surely your conscience bears witness, that all I have recommended, under the limitations above, is reasonable; that duty and gratitude require it; and consequently by every allowed failure in it, you bring guilt upon your own soul, you offend GOD, and act unworthy your christian profession.

§ 4. I intreat you farther to consider, whether such a conduct as I have now been recommending, would not conduce much to your comfort and usefulness in life? Reflect seriously, what is true happiness? Does it consist in distance from GOD, or in nearness to Him? Surely you cannot be a Christian, surely you cannot be a rational man, if you doubt whether communion with the great Father of our spirits be a pleasure, and felicity: And if it be, then surely they enjoy most of it, who keep Him most constantly in view. You cannot but know in your own conscience, that it is this which makes the happiness of heaven, and therefore the more any man enjoys of it upon earth, the more of heaven comes down into his soul. If you have made any trial of religion, tho' it be but a few months or weeks since you first became acquainted with it, you must be some judge of it upon your own experience, which have been the most pleasant days of your life. Have they not been those, in which you have acted most upon these principles; those, in which you have most steadily and resolutely carried

carried them thro' every hour of time, and every circumstance of life? The check, which you must in many instances give to your own inclinations, might seem disagreeable; but it would surely be over-balanced in a most happy manner, by the satisfaction you would find in a consciousness of self-government; in having such a command of your thoughts, affections, and actions, as is much more glorious than any authority over others can be.

§ 5. I would also intreat you to consider the influence which such a conduct as this might have upon the happiness of others: And it is easy to be seen it must be very great; as you would find your heart always disposed to watch every opportunity of doing good, and to seize it with eagerness and delight. It would engage you to make it the study and busines of your life, to order things in such a manner, that the end of one kind and useful action might be the beginning of another; in which you would go on as naturally, as the inferior animals do in those productions and actions by which mankind are relieved or enriched, or as the earth bears her successive crops of different vegetable supplies. And tho' mankind be, in this corrupt state, so unhappily inclined to imitate evil examples rather than good, yet it may be expected, that while your light shines before men, some seeing your good works will endeavour to transcribe them in their own lives, and so to glorify your Father which is in heaven. The charm of such beautiful models would surely impress some, and incline them at least to attempt an imitation; and every attempt would dispose to another. And thus thro' the divine goodness, you might be intitled to a share in the praise, and the reward, not only of the good you had immediately done yourself, but likewise of that which you had engaged others to do. And no eye but that of an all-searching GOD, can see into what distant times or places the blessed consequences may reach. In every instance in which these consequences appear, it will put a generous, and sublime joy into your heart, which no worldly prosperity could afford, and which would be the liveliest

### 32 Such a life will sweeten afflictions.

emblem of that high delight which the blessed GOD feels, in seeing, and making his creatures happy.

§ 6. It is true indeed, that amidst all these pious and benevolent cares, *afflictions* may come, and in some measure interrupt you in the midst of your projected schemes. But surely these *afflictions* will *fit* *much lighter*, when your heart is gladdened with the peaceful, and joyful reflection of your own mind, and with so honourable a testimony of conscience before GOD, and man. Delightful will it be, to go back to past scenes in your pleasing review, and to think, that you have not only been sincerely humbling yourself for those past offences, which afflictions may bring to your remembrance ; but that you have given substantial proofs of the sincerity of that humiliation, by a real reformation of what has been amiss, and by acting with strenuous and vigorous resolution on the contrary principle. And while converse with GOD, and doing good to men, are made the great business and pleasure of life, you will find a thousand opportunities of enjoyment ; even in the midst of those afflictions, which would render you so incapable of relishing the pleasures of sense, that the very mention of them might in those circumstances seem an insult, and a reproach.

§ 7. At length *death will come* : That solemn, that important hour, which hath been passed thro' by so many thousands, who have in the main lived such a life, and by so many millions who have neglected it. And let conscience say, if there was ever any one of all these millions, who had *then* reason to rejoice in that neglect ; or any *one* among the most strict and exemplary christians, who then lamented that his heart and life had been *too zealously* devoted to GOD ? Let conscience say, whether they have wished to have a *part* of that time, which they have *thus* employed, given back to them again, that they might be *more conformed to this world* ; that they might plunge themselves deeper into its amusements, or pursue its honours, its possessions, or its pleasures, with greater eagerness than they had done ? If you were *yourself dying*, and a *dear friend* or *child* stood near you, and

this book should chance to come into your thoughts, would you caution *that* friend or child against conducting himself by such rules as I have advanced? The question may perhaps seem unnecessary, where the answer is so plain and so certain. Well then, let me beseech you to learn *how you should live*, by reflecting *how you would die*, and what a course you would wish to look back upon, when you are just quitting this world, and entering upon another. Think seriously, what if *death* should surprize you *on a sudden*, and you should be called into ETERNITY at an hour's or a minute's warning, would you not wish that your last day should have been thus begun, and the course of it, if it were a day of health and activity, should have been thus managed? Would you not wish that your Lord should find you engaged in such thoughts, and in such pursuits? Would not the passage, the flight from earth to heaven, be most easy, most pleasant in this view and connection? And on the other hand, if *death* should make *more gradual* approaches, would not the remembrance of such a pious, holy, humble, diligent and useful life, make a *dying-bed* much softer and easier, than it would otherwife be? You would not die *depending* upon these things: GOD forbid that you should! Sensible of your many imperfections, you would, no doubt, desire to throw yourself at the feet of CHRIST, that you might appear before GOD, adorned *with his righteousness*, and washed from your sins in *his blood*. You would also with your dying breath ascribe to the riches of his grace every good disposition you had found in your heart, and every worthy action you had been enabled to perform. But would it not give you a delight worthy of being purchased with ten thousand worlds, to reflect, that *his grace bestowed upon you had not been in vain*; but that you had, from an humble principle of grateful love, *glorified your heavenly Father on earth*, and in some degree, tho' not with the perfection you could desire, *finished the work which he had given you to do*: That you had been living for many past years as on the borders of heaven, and endeavouring

34 Such a life will sweeten afflictions.

vouring to form your heart and life to the temper and manners of its inhabitants ?

§ 8. And once more, let me intreat you to reflect, on the view you will have of this matter, when you come into a world of glory, if (which I hope will be the happy case,) divine mercy conduct you thither. Will not your reception there be effected by your care, or negligence in this holy course ? Will it appear an indifferent thing in the eye of the blessed Jesus, who distributes the crowns, and allots the thrones there, whether you have been among the most zealous, or the most indolent of his servants ? Surely you must wish, to have an entrance administered unto you abundantly into the kingdom of your Lord and Saviour :\* And what can more certainly conduce to it, than to be always abounding in his work ? You cannot think so meanly of that glorious state, as to imagine, that you shall there look round about with a secret disappointment, and say in your heart, that you over-valued the inheritance you have received, and pursued it with too much earnestness. You will not surely complain, that it had too many of your thoughts and cares : But on the contrary, you have the highest reason to believe, that if any thing were capable of exciting your indignation, and your grief there, it would be, that amidst so many motives, and so many advantages, you exerted yourself no more in the prosecution of such a prize.

§ 9. But I will not enlarge on so clear a case, and therefore conclude this persuasive with reminding you, that to allow yourself deliberately to sit down satisfied with any imperfect attainments in religion, and to look upon a more confirmed and improved state of it as what you don't desire, nay, as what you secretly resolve that you will not pursue ; is one of the most fatal signs we can well imagine, that you are an entire stranger to the first principles of it.

¶ 2 Pet. i. 11.

*A PRAYER suited to the state of a soul, who desires to attain the life recommended above.*

**B**lessed GOD, I cannot contradict the force of these reasonings : O that I might feel more than ever the lasting effects of them ! Thou art the great fountain of being, and of happiness ; and as from Thee my *being* was derived, so from Thee my *happiness* directly flows ; and the nearer I am to Thee, the purer and more delicious is the stream. *With Thee is the fountain of life ; in Thy light may I see light* \* ! The great object of my *final* hope is to dwell for ever with Thee. Give me now some foretaste of that delight ! Give me, I beseech thee, to experience the *blessedness of that man who feareth the Lord, and who delighteth greatly in his commandments,* † and so form my heart by Thy grace, that *I may be in the fear of the Lord all the day long* !

To Thee may my *awaking thoughts* be directed ; and with the first ray of light that visits my opening eyes, *lift up, O Lord, the light of Thy countenance upon me !* || When my faculties are roused from that broken state in which they lay while buried, and as it were *annihilated* in sleep, may my first actions be consecrated to thee, O GOD, who givest me light, who givest me, as it were, every morning a *new life* and a *new reason* ! Enable my heart to pour out itself before thee, with a filial reverence, freedom, and endearment ! May I hearken to GOD, as I desire that he should hearken unto me ! May thy word be read with *attention and pleasure* ! May my soul be delivered into the mould of it, and *may I bide it in my heart, that I may not sin against thee* ! § Animated by the great motives there suggested, may I every morning be renewing the *dedication of myself* to thee, thro' Jesus thy beloved Son ; and be deriving from him new supplies of that blessed Spirit of thine, whose influences are the life of my soul !

\* Psal. xxxvi. 9. † Psal. cxii. 1. || Psal. iv. 6. § Psal. cxix. 12.

And

### 36 *A prayer suited to the state of a soul,*

And being *thus* prepared, do thou, Lord, lead me forth by the hand to all the duties and events of the day! *In that calling wherin* Thou hast been pleased to call me, may I abide with Thee, *not being slothful in business, but fervent in spirit, serving the Lord!* May I know the *value of time*, and always improve it to the *best* advantage, in such duties as thou hast assigned me, how low soever they may seem, or how painful soever they may be! To *Thy glory*, O Lord, may the *labours* of life be pursued; and to *Thy glory* may the *refreshments* of it be sought! *Whether I eat or drink, or whatever I do,* may that end still be kept in view, and may it be *attained*! And may every refreshment and release from business, prepare me to serve thee with greater vigour and resolution.

May mine eye be watchful to observe the *descent of mercies from thee*; and may a grateful sense of thine hand in them add a favour and a relish to all! And when *afflictions* come, which in a world like this I would accustom myself to expect, may I remember that *they come from Thee*; and may that fully reconcile me to them, while I firmly believe, that the *same love* which gives us our *daily bread*, appoints us our *daily crosses*; which I would learn to *take up*, that I may *follow my dear Lord*, with a temper like that which he manifested, when ascending *Calvary* for my sake; saying like him, *The cup which my father hath given me, shall I not drink it?* And when I enter into *temptation*, do thou, Lord, *deliver me from evil!* Make me sensible, I intreat thee, of my own *weakness*, that my heart may be raised to thee for present communications of proportionable strength! When I am engaged in the *society* of others, may it be my desire, and my care, that I may *do and receive* as much good as possible; and may I continually answer the great purposes of life, by honouring thee, and diffusing useful knowledge and happiness in the world! And when I am *alone*, may I remember my heavenly Father is with me; may I enjoy the pleasure of thy presence, and feel the animating power of it, awaking my soul to an earnest desire to *think and act*, as in thy sight!

*Thus*

Thus let my *days* be spent ; and let them always be closed in thy fear, and under a sense of thy gracious presence ! Meet me, O Lord, in my *evening retirements* ! May I chuse the most proper time for them ; may I diligently attend to *reading* and *prayer* ; and when I *review my conduct*, may I do it with an *impartial eye* ! Let not *self-love* spread a *false colouring* over it ; but may I judge myself as one that expects to be judged of the Lord, and is very *sollicitous* he may be *approved by thee*, *who searchest all hearts, and canst not forget any of my works* ! Let my *prayer* come daily before thee as *incense*, and let the *lifting up of my hands* be as the *morning and the evening sacrifice* ! May I resign my powers to *sleep* in sweet *calmness* and *serenity* ; *conscious* that I have lived to GOD in the *day*, and *chearfully* persuaded that I am accepted of thee in Christ Jesus my Lord, and humbly hoping in thy *mercy* thro' him, whether my *days on earth* be prolonged, or the *residue of them be cut off in the midst* ! If *death* comes by a *leisurely advance*, may it find me thus employed ; and if I am called on a *sudden*, to *exchange worlds*, may my *last days and hours* be found to have been conducted by such maxims as these, that I may have a *sweet and easy* *passage* from the *services* of *time* to the infinitely nobler *services* of an *immortal state* ! I ask it through Him, who while on earth was the fairest pattern and example of every *virtue* and *grace*, and who now lives and reigns with thee, *able to save to the uttermost* : To Him, *having done all*, I would fly with humble acknowledgment, that I am an *unprofitable servant* ; to Him be *glory for ever and ever*, Amen.

*The CHRISTIAN reader urged to, and assisted in, an express act of SELF-DEDICATION to the service of GOD.*

AS I would hope, that you, my dear reader, are heartily determined for the service of GOD; I would now urge you to make *a solemn surrender of yourself unto it.* Do not only form such a purpose in your heart, but expressly declare it in the divine presence. Such solemnity in the manner of doing it, is certainly very reasonable in the nature of things; and surely it is highly expedient, for binding to the Lord such a treacherous heart, as we know our own to be. It will be pleasant to reflect upon it, as done at such a time, with such and such circumstances of place, and method, which may serve to strike the memory, and the conscience: The sense of *the vows of GOD which are upon you*, will strengthen you in an hour of temptation; and the recollection may also encourage your humble boldness, and freedom in applying to him, under the character, and relation of your *covenant GOD and Father*, as future exigencies may require.

§ 2. Do it therefore, but *do it deliberately.* Consider, what it is, that you are to do: And consider how reasonable it is, that it should be done, and done cordially and chearfully; *not by constraint, but willingly* \*: For in this sense, and in every other, GOD *loves the chearful giver.* Now surely there is nothing we should do with greater chearfulness, or more cordial consent, than making such a surrender of ourselves to the Lord, to the GOD, who created us, who brought us into this pleasant, and well furnished world, who supported us in our tender infancy, who

\* 1 Pet. v. 2.

guarded

guarded us in the thoughtless days of childhood, and youth, who has hitherto continually helped, sustained, and preserved us. Nothing can be more reasonable, than that we should acknowledge **Him** as our rightful owner and our sovereign ruler: than that we should devote ourselves to **Him** as our most gracious benefactor, and seek **Him** as our supremest felicity. Nothing can be more apparently equitable, than that we the product of **His** power, and the price of **His** Son's blood, should be **His**, and **His** for ever. If you see the matter in its just view, it will be the grief of your soul, that you have ever alienated yourself from the blessed **GOD**, and **His** service; so far will you be from wishing to continue in that estate of alienation, another year, or another day. You will rejoice to bring back to **Him** his revolted creature; and as you have in times past *yielded your members as instruments of unrighteousness unto sin*, you will delight to *yield yourselves unto GOD, as alive from the dead*, and to employ your members as the instruments of righteousness unto **GOD**.\*

§ 3. The surrender will also be as *entire*, as it is *cheerful*, and *immediate*. All you are, and all you can do, your time, your possessions, your influence over others, will be devoted to **Him**; that for the future it may be employed entirely for **Him**, and to **His** glory. You will desire to keep back nothing from **Him**; but will seriously judge, that you are then in the truest and noblest sense *your own*, when you are *most entirely His*. You are also, on this great occasion, to resign all that you have to the disposal of **His** wise and gracious providence; not only owning his power, but consenting to **His** undoubted right, to do what **He** pleases with you; declaring an hearty approbation of all that **He** has done, and of all that **He** may farther do.

§ 4. Once more, let me remind you, that this surrender must be *perpetual*. You must give yourself up to **GOD** in such a manner, as never more to pretend to be your own: for the rights of **GOD** are like **His** nature, eternal, and immutable; and with regard to

\* Rom. vi. 13.

\* D

his

rational creatures, are the same yesterday, to-day, and *for ever.*

5. I would farther advise, and urge, that this dedication may be made *with all possible solemnity*. Do it in *express words*. And perhaps, it may be in many cases most expedient, as many pious Divines have recommended, to do it in *writing*. Set your hand, and seal to it, "that on such a day of such a month, and " year, and at such a place, on full consideration, " and serious reflection, you came to *this happy reso-*  
" *lution*, that *whatsoever others might do, you would*  
" *serve the Lord.*"

§ 6. Such an *instrument you may*, if you please, draw up for yourself; or if you rather chuse to have it drawn up to your hand, you may find something of this nature below, in which you may easily make such alterations as shall suit your circumstances, where there is any thing peculiar in them. But whatever you use, *weigh it well*, meditate attentively upon it, that *you may not be rash with your mouth, to utter any thing before GOD.*\* And when you determine to *execute this instrument*, let the transaction be attended with some more than ordinary religious retirement. Make it, if you conveniently can, a day of secret fasting and prayer: And when your heart is prepared with a becoming awe of the divine Majesty, with an humble confidence in this goodness, and an earnest desire of His favour, then present yourself on your knees before GOD, and *read it over deliberately, and solemnly*; and when you have *signed it*, lay it by in some secure place, where you may *review it*, if possible at certain † seasons of the year, that you may keep up the remembrance of it.

GOD grant, that you may be enabled to keep it, and in the whole of your conversation to walk according to it! May it be an anchor to your soul in every temptation, and a cordial to it in every affliction! May the recollection of it embolden your addresses to the throne of grace now, and give additional strength

\* Eccl. v. 2.

† Viz. on your birth-day, or before a sacrament day, and *ratify it at the Lord's Table*; or on a new-year's-day.

to your departing spirit, in a consciousness that it is ascending to your covenant GOD and Father, and to that gracious Redeemer, whose power, and faithfulness will securely keep what you commit to Him until that day.\*

† An Example of SELF-DEDICATION, or a solemn form of renewing our covenant with GOD.

**E**ternal and ever blessed GOD! I desire to present myself before Thee, with the deepest humiliation and abasement of soul; sensible how unworthy such a sinful worm is, to appear before the holy Majesty of heaven, *the King of kings, and Lord of lords*, and especially on such an occasion as this, even to enter into a COVENANT transaction with Thee. But the scheme and plan is *thine own*. Thine infinite condescension hath offered it by thy Son, and thy grace hath inclined my heart to accept of it.

I come therefore acknowledging myself to have been a great offender; *smiting on my breast*, and saying with the humble publican, GOD, *be merciful to me a sinner!* I come invited by the name of thy Son, and wholly trusting in His perfect righteousness; intreating that for His sake Thou wilt *be merciful to my unrighteousness*, and *wilt no more remember my sins*. Receive, I beseech Thee, thy revolted creature, who is now convinced of Thy right to him, and desires nothing so much as that he may be Thine.

This day do I, with the utmost solemnity, surrender myself to Thee. I renounce all *former lords, that have bad dominion over me*; and I consecrate to Thee *all that I am, and all that I have*; the faculties of my mind, the members of my body, my worldly

\* 2 Tim. i. 12.

† N. B. This form of self-dedication should by all means be attentively weighed in every clause, before it is executed; and any word, or phrase which may seem liable to exception changed, that the whole heart may consent to it all.

possessions, my time, and my influence over others ; to be all used *entirely for Thy glory*, and resolutely employed in obedience to Thy commands, as long as Thou continuest me in life ; with an ardent desire, and humble resolution to *continue Thine, thro' all the endless ages of eternity* : Ever holding myself in an attentive posture to observe the first intimations of Thy will, and ready to spring forward with zeal and joy, to the immediate execution of it.

To Thy direction also I resign myself and all I am, and have, to be *disposed of by Thee* in such a manner, as Thou shalt in thine infinite wisdom judge most subservient to the purposes of Thy glory. To Thee I leave the management of all events, and say without reserve, *Not my will, but thine be done!* Rejoicing with a loyal heart in Thine unlimited government, as what ought to be the delight of the whole rational creation.

Use me, oh Lord, I beseech Thee, as an *instrument of Thy service!* Number me among *Thy peculiar people!* Let me be washed in the blood of thy dear SON ! Let me be clothed with his righteousness ! Let me be sanctified by His Spirit ! Transform me more and more into His image ! Impart to me, thro' Him, all needful influences of Thy purifying, clearing, and comforting SPIRIT ! And let my life be spent under those influences, and in *the light of Thy gracious countenance* as my Father, and my GOD !

And when the solemn hour of death comes, may I remember this Thy COVENANT, *well ordered in all things and sure, as all my salvation, and all my desire* \*, tho' every other hope and enjoyment is perishing ! And do Thou, oh Lord, *remember it* too ! Look down with pity, oh my heavenly Father, on Thy languishing dying child ! Embrace me in *Thine everlasting arms!* Put strength and confidence into my departing spirit ! And receive it into the abodes of *them that sleep in Jesus*, peacefully and joyfully to wait the accomplishment of *Thy great promise* to all Thy people, even that of a glorious resurrection, and of eternal happiness in thy heavenly presence ! —

\* 2 Sam. xxiii. 5.

And

And if any surviving friend should, when I am in the dust, meet with *this memorial* of my solemn transactions with Thee, may he *make the engagement his own*; "and do Thou graciously admit him to partake "in all the blessings of **THY COVENANT**, thro' "Jesus the great *Mediator of it*; to whom, with "Thee, oh Father, and Thy holy Spirit, be ever- "lasting praises ascribed, by all the millions who are "thus saved by Thee, and by all those other celestial "spirits, in whose work and blessedness Thou shalt "call them to share! *Amen.*"

*THE END*

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*It may be proper now to add some helps  
(for such as need them) to spend our  
days as before recommended.*

**L O R D ' S D A Y M O R N I N G .**

*At first awakening.*

**W**elcome, sweet day of rest,  
That saw the Lord arise ;  
Welcome to this reviving breast,  
And these rejoicing eyes !

*Or this Hymn.*

This is the day when Christ arose  
So early from the dead ;  
Why should I keep my eye-lids clos'd,  
And waste my hours in bed ?

This is the day when Jesus broke  
The powers of death and hell,  
And shall I still wear Satan's yoke,  
And love my sins so well ?

To-day with pleasure christians meet  
To pray and hear the word :  
And I will go with cheerful feet,  
To learn thy will, O Lord.

*I'll shake off sloth to read and pray,  
And so prepare for heaven :  
O may I love this blessed day,  
The best of all the seven !*

Dr. WATTS.

*A PRAYER before reading the scriptures.*

CALL my thoughts away, O Lord, from the things of this world, and compose them to attend thy holy word. I praise thy name, that thou hast put into my hands this best of books, which was written to make us *wise to salvation*; yet I intreat thee, O GOD, leave me not to read it without the instructions of thy holy Spirit. Teach me to understand thy word so far as it is needful for me, and help me to draw such useful meditations from it, as may make a pious impression on my spirit, and may render me wiser and better, for Christ's sake. *Amen.*

*A PRAYER for the LORD'S DAY MORNING  
in private.*

ETERNAL and most glorious GOD, who dwellest in light which no man can approach, who livest and reignest for ever and ever; I thank thee for the comfortable succession of nights and days, which thou hast given me the week past: And tho' I have sinfully abused too many seasons of mercy, and wasted too many days of grace; yet thou hast brought me again to see the light of another day of the Son of Man. Help me, O Lord, this day to commemorate the rising of my blessed Redeemer from the grave, and let my heart be raised to the heavenly world, and to *Jesus* who sits there at thy right-hand in power and glory.

Banish from my soul every vain thought this morning, that I may spend the day with GOD. May thy blessed Spirit visit me with his divine influences, and abide with me in all the public and private duties of religion; for without his gracious assistance I can do nothing that shall be acceptable to thee, or effectual to my own salvation.

I adore the mercy of our GOD, that he has not left the fallen and sinful race of mankind to perish without hope. Blessed be thy name, O my heavenly Father, who

46 *A prayer for the Lord's day morning.*

who hast sent down thy well-beloved Son to publish thy grace to a guilty world, and to redeem thy people from hell and eternal death. Blessed be Jesus the only begotten Son of GOD, who condescended to take our flesh and blood upon him, and by his own death to become a reconciler of sinful creatures to thy offended Majesty.

I adore and praise thee, O most gracious GOD, that thou has conveyed down these glad tidings through so many hundred years, to the age and to the nation wherein I live.

The book of mercy and salvation is put into my hands, and I have been taught to read the covenant of thy grace there.

For these, and for all other thy mercies, which concern our great and eternal interest, I desire sincerely to thank thee, O Lord, and will ever praise thy holy name.

It is with shame and sorrow, that I reflect upon the returns I have made to so much goodness. I confess, O Lord, that I have not lived as became a reasonable creature, called to the knowledge of such a GOD, and of such a Saviour. O Father of mercies, I most earnestly beseech thee to forgive me all my sins, whether of omission or commission, for the sake of Jesus Christ, thy only Son, our Lord; and this I beg, resolving by the assistance of thy grace to avoid whatever thou hast forbidden, and to do whatever thou hast enjoined.

I now particularly desire to put myself under thy protection this day, and to implore thy fatherly care over me, that no evil may approach me; that my soul and body may be safe under that good and powerful providence, in which I would entirely trust.

Extend, O Lord, thy compassion to the whole race of mankind: Enlighten the Gentile world with the knowledge of thy truth, and bring into thy flock thy ancient people the Jews, and let all who name the name of Christ depart from all iniquity. Be gracious to thy church; grant that it may always preserve that doctrine and discipline which thou hast appointed, and that the gates of hell may never prevail against it.

Grant,

Grant, O Lord, that our King, and all in authority under him, may be useful and serviceable to thy glory and the public good, remembering the great account they must one day give. Multiply thy blessings on all those who serve thee in the sacred ministry, particularly upon him on whom I stately attend.

Be merciful to all that are in affliction or distress, that labour under poverty or persecution, under bodily pains or diseases, or under temptation or trouble of mind; be pleased to support and comfort them, to sanctify their afflictions unto them, and in thy good time to deliver them according to thy great mercy. Bless all my relations (—). Reward all those who have done or design'd me good; (—) and pardon all those who have done or wished me evil. Make them and me acceptable in thy sight, through Jesus Christ our Lord: In whose words I farther pray to thee, *Our Father, &c.*

*Close these devotions with a psalm or hymn.*

*The Christian persuaded to prepare himself by secret devotion for the public duties of this holy day.*

**B**efore you go to the publick worship of GOD, retire again: For secret prayer prepares the way for more public duties, which are never so well discharged as when we have composed ourselves for them by these retired exercises. After having sought GOD in the *closet*, we shall be more disposed to seek, and more likely to find him in the *church*. Public ordinances will profit us little, unless we set our hearts in order by the frequent and serious performance of private duties. The closet is the tiring-room, where the soul dresses for the church; secret devotion trims the lamps of the sanctuary, and makes them burn so much the more brightly. Secret and public worship are indeed mutually helpful to each other, and the reason why we do not receive more benefit from them is, that we do not unite them, or are not so careful and vigilant

vigilant in both as we should be. Persons may thank themselves that they go to the house of GOD, and do not meet him there ; that they pray and hear, but experience little or no change in themselves, either as to sanctification or comfort. Let them be faithful to their souls, and examine whether this proceeds not from their neglect to speak to GOD in secret. There can be little doubt, that it doth so frequently. Would you be occasionally devout, we must be so habitually. No action is done with pleasure and advantage, till we have attained a facility of doing it. Would you take this method, you would quickly perceive the happy influence of it, upon the subsequent work of the day ; and when the worship you paid to your Maker, was only shifting the scene from one place to another, you might be sure of finding GOD every where.

*The Christian retired to prepare for the house  
of GOD.*

**O** My soul, the sons of GOD do this day present themselves before the Lord, and I intend to be among them. But shall this content thee to be among them, if thou art not of them ? Do we not read of Satan's presenting himself before the Lord among his children ? May I not go, and return as empty as I went ? To secure my welcome, I will make a private visit to the throne of grace, and beg a blessing with the word that shall be preached ; both on him that preaches, and them that hear it.

Eternal and most glorious GOD, now I am going to the place of thy public worship, I beseech thee let thy holy Spirit help my infirmities.

I offer my humble thanks to my exalted Saviour, that he has sent his ministers to explain his word, and to preach to us the things that belong to our eternal peace.

O may I attend with cheerfulness and holy desire, upon the ordinances of thy house this day ! and may I find

find thy presence in the assemblies of thy people ; for thou lovest the gates of *Zion*, and thy church is thy holy temple, where thou art wont to display thy power and glory. While thy word is read or preached, let my soul be engaged in deep attention and reverence ; Let thy ministers be taught of *GOD*, and happily unfold the great and important things of thy law and gospel to men : Let them preach the truth as it is in *Jesus*, and speak with power to the consciences of the hearers, particularly to my conscience, *O my GOD !* May I find something in thy institutions this day suited to the state and temper of my soul, that I may learn more of the knowledge of *GOD*, and may gain victory over some sin, and make some happy advances in serious religion.

I entreat thee, *O Lord*, suffer me not any longer to be a drowsy, an idle, or a forgetful hearer of thy word : May my soul be lifted up to thee with due fervency in the prayers that shall be offer'd to thy Majesty, and may my lips sing thy praises with holy joy. Let no vain amusements call my eyes and my heart away from lively devotion, and the divine pleasures of thy sanctuary. May this world, with all the cares and trifles of it, be forgotten, and vanished from my thoughts, nor intrude into solemn hours, or interrupt my humble converse with thee. Let me come away from thy house under the light of thy countenance, satisfy'd with thy love, and longing for the return of such holy seasons.

In the name of *Jesus*, and by his hands, I desire to offer this prayer, and I would entreat and hope for acceptance at thy mercy-seat, *O GOD*, in the virtue of the bloody death, and the everlasting intercession of thy most dear Son, to whom be glory for ever and ever. *Amen.*

*An Evening Prayer for the LORD'S-DAY,  
after having attended on public worship.*

EVER blessed GOD, the Father of glory and the GOD of all grace, this day hast thou invited me to attend on the worship of thy house, and has open'd to me some of the treasures of thy sanctuary ; thou hast caused me to hear the words of eternal life, and call'd me to join with thy people in the voice of prayer and praise : But how poor and imperfect are my best services ? How unworthy of thy acceptance, O my GOD, who art surrounded with ten thousands of worshipping angels, and the spirits of the just made perfect !

I desire to bow my knees, and confess before thee with shame and sorrow, how heavy and dull my heart has been amidst the quickening ordinances of thy house : How often have my thoughts stole away from thy presence, and wander'd afar off, among the cares, the busineses, or the vanities of this life : In how cold and formal a manner have too many of my devotions this day been offered up to thy holy Majesty, and how little of thy word has been treasur'd up in my heart ?

O most merciful GOD, forgive the iniquity of my holy things, and lay not sin to my charge. I humbly trust in the blood of Jesus thy son, and his perfect righteousness, to answer for all my imperfections. Tho' the day be almost ended, let not the work of it be all lost : Let thy good Spirit bring to my remembrance some of the sacred instructions which I have heard in thy house ; and so far as thy minister has spoken agreeably to thy mind and will, let my soul retain the sense and favour of it for many days to come. Let not all the good seed be sown in vain, but do thou cause some parts of it to spring up, and bring forth the blessed fruits of righteousness in my following conversation. O may I love GOD and man better, and rejoice in Christ Jesus, my Saviour and my hope. May I hate sin more daily, and find myself more wean'd

from this flesh and world, which have been such unhappy clogs and hindrances in my attempts to honour GOD.

And yet, O Lord, I would bless thy name also, that I hope there have been in me some sincere breathings of soul toward thee: I humbly hope, that I have found thro' grace, some holy exercises of faith, submission and obedience, while I heard or read thy word, and some relish of sacred pleasure in thy worship, and that both in my solemn retirements, and in the congregations of thy people. Blessed be GOD, who has not utterly forsaken his own ordinances, nor forgotten his unworthy servant. Accept, I pray thee, all my sincere endeavours to love and serve thee, in the name of Jesus, my only mediator. Carry on thy good work in me; let every spark of thy heavenly grace be cherished and improved, till it grow up hereafter to joy and glory.

I adore and praise thy name, O GOD; that we have peace and liberty given us by our rulers; that they are become the guardians of our religious and civil privileges, and that we can wait on thee in public assemblies, and none make us afraid. Pity thy poor scatter'd people, under the dominion of popish and idolatrous princes; thy distressed children, who can only groan and sigh unto thee in secret, and are forbid the pleasures of thy sanctuary.

Heal the wretched quarrels, and unhappy divisions, that are found among the christian churches: Teach them the wisdom which is from above; which is first pure, then peaceable, and which abounds in the fruits of mercy and love. Reform them all, blessed Saviour, and remove from among them whatsoever is contrary to the nature and design of thy holy religion.

O that such sacred advantages, and seasons of grace, as I have this day enjoy'd, may train up my soul under the aids of thy Spirit to a preparation for the blessed assembly and angels above. With them I desire humbly to join my songs and my praises: Salvation, honour and glory, be ascrib'd to our GOD, who sits upon the throne, and to the Lamb, for ever and ever. Amen.

## SELF-EXAMINATION,

## For the LORD'S-Day Evening.

“ WERE my first thoughts holy, and suitable to  
“ the holy day ?

“ Did I rise with pious meditations ? And was the  
“ hour of my rising such, as not to make this Day  
“ shorter than my other Days are ?

“ How were the secret devotions of the morning  
“ performed ?

“ How have the other stated devotions of this holy  
“ day been attended, whether in the family, or in  
“ publick ?

“ Did I go to the solemn assembly with an hearty  
“ intention to serve GOD, and to be instructed in my  
“ duty, or reminded of it ; and not only for fashi-  
“ on's sake ?

“ Did I shew my zeal and sincerity in early re-  
“ pairing to the house of GOD, by being always  
“ present at the beginning of divine service.

“ Did I avoid, as much as in me lies, all wander-  
“ ing of eyes and thoughts ?

“ Did I devoutly lift up my heart to GOD, in the  
“ prayers and praises which were offered up in his  
“ house ?

“ Did I attentively hearken to GOD's word, read  
“ and preached to me by his minister ?

“ Have I reflected upon what I have heard, and  
“ laid it up in my heart, in order to live according  
“ to it ?

“ Have I attended on public worship both parts of  
“ the day ?

“ What hath been my carriage in secret ? How  
“ have I governed my thoughts in such or such an  
“ interval of solitude ? How was the subject of my  
“ thought this day chosen, and how was it regarded ?  
“ What has been my discourse in company ? Has  
“ my conversation been of heaven, and the way to

“ it is of our worldly common affairs, when I know GOD has in his word declared, that it is his will, that we should not do our own ways, nor find our own pleasures, nor speak our own words on his holy day? \*

“ Do I consider the LORD’s DAY, as set apart by GOD wholly for his service and the concerns of our own souls?

“ How was self-examination performed last night? With what temper did I then lie down, and compose myself to sleep?

Thus far all persons of what condition soever, are concerned to examine themselves distinctly upon every

\* I beg that my reader would thoroughly consider what the learned and judicious Dr. Wright has said concerning the reasonableness of this duty.

“ This of the prophet *Isaiah lviii. 14.* must be applied to the day of GOD’s rest in general, and not merely to the Jewish way of keeping their sabbath, when he says, *not doing thine own ways, nor finding thine own pleasure, nor speaking thine own words.* The plain reason of the thing makes this injunction perpetually binding. — And is it not as equitable now as ever it was, that one day in seven should be allowed for the worship of that GOD, who has given us six days for our worldly employments? Had our Maker seen fit to appoint every fifth or third day, for his work and service, we could not have pretended that his demands were unjust; how much more should we then be won upon, by this wise provision of his, in which he has shewn such respect both to the life that now is, and that which is to come? He considers our frailty, and wants while in the body, and therefore he allows us six days for the concerns and enjoyments of this life: And he would have us mindful of Him the Father of spirits, and of that world of spirits whither we are hastening; therefore he reserves the seventh day for spiritual exercises, that we may be prepared for that life, and state of rest, which holy souls enter into at death.

“ The ease and refreshment of bodies is as needful as ever it was; and so is the improvement, and sanctification of souls. We are as much obliged to serve, and please our Maker, as ever the patriarchs and Jews were: And we have a rest to hope for, and prepare for, as they had: And on these accounts the reason and equity of this command binds US, as much as it did them. It stands enforced by such reasons as can never pass away till heaven and earth pass away, and all the people of GOD are brought to their eternal rest.”

clause: But the enquiries following belong only to heads of families, which are to be added to the foregoing.

## SELF-EXAMINATION, for parents and masters on the LORD'S-DAY Evening.

“ HAVE I myself, my \* son, or daughter, my  
“ man-servant, or maid-servant, been absent  
“ from the house of GOD, in the morning or after-  
“ noon ?

“ And

\* Parents and masters are expressly required in GOD's law, to see that this rest be observed by all under their power.

It is inserted in the body of the command, that neither son, nor daughter, man-servant, nor maid-servant, nor the stranger, or sojourner, should do any work which would be a breach of this law. So that every one who is a parent, or master stands obliged, not only in his personal capacity, but in his family and relative capacity, to see that this rest be observed. It is not in the power of such, to make all those truly religious that are under their care; but it would put them in a very likely way of being so, to take them off from every thing else that would hinder the religion of such a day. When they are not allowed to spend the day in any worldly employments or diversions, it is very probable their minds and thoughts may turn to GOD, and religion. And we are the more encouraged to hope for this, because the very rest is GOD's appointment; and whilst they are taught by you to cease from that which is evil, his good spirit may instruct and incline them to cleave to that which is good. Only here let me add, that you must also oblige them to attend the publick offices of religion; and as you have ability, speak to them in private of the rest and happiness of the world to come; and of the way to secure it by Christ Jesus, according to the gospel he has given us; and recommend them in your prayers to the grace of GOD; and you may then expect great advantages will accrue to all that are under you, as well as to your own souls, in the observation of this day.

But to return to the head I am now upon; the rest which is required on GOD's day, is primarily to be care of PARENTS, who are to look to it that neither son nor daughter, do any thing inconsistent with it.

This is one of the first things that children are capable of learning; namely, to distinguish this day from others. They may be taught to lay aside their other days exercises, and diversions,

“ And what was the occasion of mine, or their absence? Have I the fullest assurance, that GOD will admit it as a sufficient excuse, when I am standing before his judgment-seat to take my trial for ETERNITY ?

sions, for some time before they can be brought to exercise themselves to godliness. And to inure them to this as the beginning of wisdom, well suits with the method GOD took to introduce religion into the world. To rest on the seventh day, and to sanctify it, was the first appointment, and institution of heaven; (as the beginning of the ii. of *Genesis* plainly shews;) and was made the ground work, and foundation of all religion.

Again: It has often proved, *afterward*, a means of restraining, and correcting the vanity of youth; and it has prevented the corruption and degeneracy of many, who were liable to be seduced by ill company, only to insist upon their observing the rest of this day. Tho' such restraints may be look'd upon as a hardship, when compared with the liberties allowed to some loose young people; yet I have known many thankful, when they have come to riper years, for their being under such a curb in their youth.

Let all PARENTS then remember that they are obliged, not only to abstain from worldly labours, and diversions *themselves*, but to see that *son* and *daughter* do so too.

The charge next lies upon MASTERS, and that with respect both to *men-servants*, and *maid-servants*. The law is express as to both. What is the [necessary] business of a family must be done on this day, no doubt, as well as at other times. But no servant is to be employed in any *trade* or *calling*: Nor should they be allowed to follow their *diversions*: Nor are they to be so taken up with household affairs as to be *deprived* of the worship of GOD. No liberties must be allowed them which would be a breach of the *fourth commandment*. The disobedience, looseness, and degeneracy of servants, so commonly complained of in our day, is very much owing to the neglect of the *sabbath*. It was a saying of Bishop Reynolds, “ Take care that your servants do their duty to GOD, and GOD will take care they do their duty to you.” When rulers of families give a loose to servants on this day, they get into *company*, and fall into those courses, that make them loose and regardless of their affairs on other days. If ever a prevailing regard be had to this law of the *Sabbath*, there must be more care about it in *private families*.

I now wish the reader would not only *speculate* upon this matter, but form his *practice* according to those things that appear to be the will of GOD, in what has been said: that every man would order his *family*, according to this law. — *This marginal note is an abridgment of the 5th Section of the 3d chapter of Dr. Wright's Treatise on the religious observation of the Lord's day.*

“ Have I done my duty at home? Have I called  
“ my family together, read to them, instructed them,  
“ and made them give me an account of what they  
“ remembred?

“ Do I keep up family-worship morning and even-  
“ ing, and how are those solemn devotions per-  
“ formed?

“ Have not I myself, or some belonging to me,  
“ taken \* any journey on this Lord's day?

\* It is unlawful to journey on this day [for diversion, or busi-  
ness.] We are not indeed confined to what the Jews called a  
*sabbath day's journey*: For if our profitable attendance on the  
publick worship of GOD make it requisite to go to a place at  
some distance, on such an occasion we are allowed to travel. But  
to take journeys upon the day of GOD's rest, and employ ser-  
vants, and use cattle, is a manifest breach of the fourth com-  
mandment. It will not do, for men to pretend that they travel  
only betwixt times of publick worship, and that they can employ  
their thoughts very profitably by the way; unless they could  
undertake that their example shall have no ill effect upon others,  
nor do any thing to discredit GOD's law concerning the obser-  
vation of his day. For he that shall break one of the least com-  
mandments, and shall teach men so; (that is, make others break  
it by what he does;) *he shall be called least in the kingdom of  
GOD.* (Mat. v. 19.)

In cases of *necessity*, or *mercy*, no doubt but this last, or any  
of the things afore-mentioned, may be dispensed with. But to  
make a *justifiable necessity*, we must be sure to observe these  
following particulars.

1. It must be something very *important* and considerable in it-  
self, and urged by very great and good reasons. Because the rea-  
sons for resting on GOD's day, are very great and important, it  
is not a light matter that can over-rule them.

2. It must be a matter that could not well be contrived before  
the sabbath, nor will bear deferring to a *after-time*.

3. It must be something that would *always* have the *same ne-  
cessity*. That is, if the same thing should fall out on *another day*,  
as requisite to be done, it must be so necessary that all *other busi-  
ness* should be forced to give way to it, or else it is not of such  
*necessity* as to make the duties and exercises of religion yield to  
it, on the Lord's day.

*This is taken from the useful Treatise mentioned above, in the  
preceding Page.*

*A Morning Prayer for a private person.*

**O** Eternal GOD, my sovereign Lord, I acknowledge all I am, and all I have is thine. O give me such a sense of thy infinite goodness, that I may return to thee all possible love and obedience.

It becomes me humbly and heartily to thank thee for all the favours thou hast bestow'd upon me: for creating me after thine own image, for thy daily preserving me by thy good providence, for redeeming me by the death of thy blessed son, and for the assistance of thy Holy Spirit: For causing me to be born in a christian country; for blessing me with plentiful means of salvation, with religious parents and friends, and frequent returns of thy sacred supper. I also thank thee for all thy temporal blessings; for the preservation of me this night (—); for my health, strength, food, raiment, and all other necessaries and comforts of life. O may I always delight to praise thy holy name, and above all thy benefits, love thee, my great benefactor!

And, O Father of mercies, shut not up thy bowels of compassion towards me, a vile, miserable sinner; despise not the work of thine own hands, the purchase of thy son's blood. *Lo, I come now to do thy will alone;* and am resolved, by thy assistance, to have no longer any choice of my own, but with singleness of heart to obey thy good pleasure. *Father, not my will, but thine be done, in all my thoughts, words and actions!*

O thou all-sufficient GOD of angels and men, who art above all, and thro' all, and in all; from whom, by whom, and in whom are all things; *in whom we live, move, and have our being;* may my will be as entirely and continually derived from thine, as my being and happiness are!

I believe, O sovereign Goodness, O mighty Wisdom, that thou dost sweetly order and govern all things, even the most minute, even the most noxious, to thy glory, and the good of those that love thee! I believe,

58 *A morning prayer for a private person.*

believe, O Father of the families of heaven and earth, that thou so disposest all events, as may best magnify thy goodness to all thy children, especially those whose eyes wait upon thee; I beseech thee, teach me to adore all thy ways, tho' I cannot comprehend them; teach me to be glad that thou art king, and to give thee thanks for all things that befall me; seeing thou hast chosen them for me, and hast thereby *set to thy seal that they are good.* And for that which is to come, give me grace to do in all things what pleaseth thee; and then, with an absolute submission to thy wisdom, to leave the issues of them in thy hand.

My Lord, and my GOD, I give thee my body, my soul, my substance, my fame, my friends, my liberty, my life; dispose of me, and all that is mine, as it seemeth best unto thee. I am not mine, but thine; claim me as thy right, keep me as thy charge, love me as thy child! Fight for me when I am assaulted, heal me when I am wounded, and revive me when I am destroyed!

O help me with thy grace, that whatsoever I shall do or suffer this day may tend to thy glory. Keep me in love to thee, and to all men. Do thou direct my paths, and teach me to set thee always before me. Let not the things of this life, or my manifold concerns therein, alienate any part of my affections from thee; nor let me ever pursue or regard them, but for thee, and in obedience to thy will.

Extend, O Lord, thy pity to the whole race of mankind; enlighten the Gentiles with thy truth, and bring into thy flock thy antient people the Jews. Be gracious to the whole christian church, and grant that it may always preserve that doctrine and discipline which thou hast deliver'd to it. Grant that all of this nation, especially our governors, may, *whatsoever they do, do all to thy glory.* Bless all who serve thee in the sacred ministry, particularly him on whom I stately attend. Bless all nurseries of true religion and useful learning, and let them not neglect the end of their institution. Be merciful to all that are in distress; (—) that struggle with pain, poverty, or reproach. O give spiritual strength and comfort to scrupulous consciences.

Pity

Pity ideots and lunaticks, and give life and salvation to all to whom thou hast given no understanding. Give to all that are in error the light of thy truth. Bring all sinners to repentance, (—) bless all my relations, friends and benefactors (—). Forgive all my enemies, if such there be. Unite us all one to another by mutual love, and to thyself by constant holiness; that we may find a merciful acceptance in the last day, thro' the merits of thy blessed Son, in whose sacred name I ask for every mercy, and in whose comprehensive words I farther pray unto Thee, *Our Father, &c.*

*An Evening Prayer in private.*

MY Lord, and my GOD, thou seest my heart, and my desires are not hid from thee. I am encouraged by my happy experience of thy goodness, (particularly this day past) to present myself before thee, notwithstanding I know myself to be unworthy of the least favour from thee. I am ashamed when I think how long I have lived a stranger, yea, an enemy to thee, taking upon me to dispose of myself, and to please myself in the main course of my life. But I now unfeignedly desire to return to thee, and to give myself intirely to thee: I would be thine, and only thine, for ever. I know I am nothing, and can do nothing of myself; and if ever I am thine, I must be wholly indebted to thee for it. O my GOD, turn not away thy face from a poor soul that seeks thee; but as thou hast kindled in me these desires, so confirm, increase, and satisfy them. Reject not that poor gift which I would make of myself unto thee, but teach me so to make it, that it may be acceptable in thy sight. Lord, hear me, help me, shew mercy unto me, for JESUS CHRIST's sake!

To thee, O GOD, my Creator, Redeemer, and Sanctifier, I give up myself entirely: May I no longer serve myself, but thee, all the Days of my life.

I give thee my understanding: May it ever be my one care to know thee, thy perfections, thy works, and thy will. Let all things else be *as dung and dross* unto me, *for the excellency of this knowledge*. And let me silence all reasonings against whatsoever thou teachest me, who canst neither deceive, nor be deceived.

I give thee my will: May I have no will of my own; whatsoever thou willest, may I will, and that only. May I will thy glory in all things, as thou doest, and make that my end in every thing: May I ever say with the psalmist, *Whom have I in heaven but thee, and there is none upon earth that I desire besides thee*. May I delight to do thy will, O GOD, and rejoice to suffer it. Whatever threatens me, let me say, *It is the Lord, let him do what seemeth him good*: And whatever befalls me, let me give thanks, since it is thy will concerning me.

I give thee my affections: Do thou dispose of them all; be thou my love, my fear, my joy; and may nothing have any share in them, but with respect to thee, and for thy sake. What thou lovest may I love, what thou hatest may I hate, and that in such measures as thou art pleased to prescribe me.

I give thee my body: May I glorify thee with it, and preserve it holy, fit for thee, O GOD, to dwell in; may I neither indulge it, nor use too much rigour towards it; but keep it, as far as in me lies, healthy, vigorous and active, and fit to do thee all manner of service which thou shalt call for.

I give thee all my worldly goods: May I prize them, and use them only for thee; may I faithfully restore to thee, all thou ~~hast~~ entrusted me with above the necessary conveniences of my life; and be content to part with *them* too, whenever thou, my Lord, shall require them at my hands.

I give thee my reputation: May I never value it, but only in respect of thee; nor endeavour to maintain it, but as it may advance thy honour in the world.

I give thee myself and my all: Let me look upon myself to be nothing, and to have nothing out of thee.

Be

Be thou the sole disposer and governor of myself and all : Be thou my portion and my all.

O my GOD, and my All, when hereafter I shall be tempted to break this solemn engagement, when I shall be pres'd to conform to the world, and to the company and customs that surround me ; may my answer be, *I am not my own ; I am not for myself, nor for the world, but for my GOD.* I will give unto GOD the things which are GOD's. GOD be merciful to me a sinner.

Be pleas'd, O Lord, to take me into thy Almighty protection this night. Refresh me with such comfortable rest, that I may rise more fit for thy service. Let me lie down with holy thoughts of Thee, and when I awake, let me be still with Thee.

Have mercy, O Father of the spirits of all flesh, on all mankind. Convert all Jews, and Turks, and Heathens, to thy truth. Bless thy church, heal its breaches, and establish it in truth and peace. Preserve and defend all christian princes, especially our king, and his family. Be merciful to this nation ; bless thy ministers with soundness of doctrine and purity of life ; the council with wisdom ; the magistrates with integrity and zeal ; and the people with loyalty. Bless all the universities of Great-Britain, and all other more private nurseries of true religion, with learning and holiness, that they may afford a constant supply of men fit and able to do thee service.

Shower down thy graces on all my friends, and relations, (—) and all that belong to this family. Comfort and relieve those that labour under any affliction of body or mind, especially those who suffer for the testimony of a good conscience ; visit them, O gracious Lord, in all their distresses : Thou knowest, thou seest them under all ; O stay their souls upon thee ; give them to rejoice that they are counted worthy to suffer for thy name's sake, and constantly to look to the Author and Finisher of their faith. Those that love, or do good to me, reward seven-fold into their bosom ; (—) those that hate, or have injur'd me, convert and forgive ; and grant us all together, with thy whole church, an entrance into thy everlasting kingdom,

dom, through JESUS CHRIST, my only mediator and advocate, in whose name I offer up to Thee these prayers and praises, and in whose words I farther call upon Thee, *Our Father, &c.*

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## A COLLECTION of PRAYERS for Families.

### *A Prayer before reading the Scriptures.*

**G**reat and glorious Majesty, the GOD and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who hast encouraged us on his account, to call thee our GOD, and our Father, look down from heaven, the habitation of thy holiness, and take notice of thy poor unworthy creatures, who are come to bow down, and worship this [*morning, or evening,*] at thy footstool.

Lord, open our eyes, that we may see the wonderful things of thy sacred book, which we reverently regard as the surest guide to heaven.

We would now hear and read thy holy scriptures with an humble dependance upon the aid of that blessed Spirit by whom it was dictated. O heavenly Father, grant that thy holy Spirit may so help us at this time, to understand, and to remember and practise thy word, that it may make us wise to salvation, for the sake of thy beloved son Jesus Christ our Lord, to whom be glory for ever and ever. *Amen.*

### *Another Prayer before reading the Scripture.*

**A**lmighty GOD, and merciful Father, who hast appointed thy word to be a light to our feet, and a lamp unto our paths, and caused all holy scriptures to be written for our learning, grant us the assistance of thy Holy Spirit, that we may in such wise read, mark,

mark, learn, and inwardly digest them, that by patience and comfort of thy holy word, we may embrace, and ever hold fast the blessed hope of everlasting life, which thou hast given us in our Saviour Jesus Christ. Amen.

*A Family Prayer for the LORD'S-DAY Morning.*

**M**OST gracious GOD, and our Father in our Lord Jesus Christ, it is good for us to draw near to thee ; the nearer the better, and it will be best of all when we come to be nearest of all in the kingdom of glory.

Thou hast thy being of thyself, and thy happiness in thyself ; we therefore adore thee as the Great Jehovah : We have our being from thee, and our happiness in thee, and therefore it is both our duty and interest to seek thee, to implore thy favour, and to give unto thee the glory due to thy name.

We bless thee for the return of the morning light, and that thou causest the day-spring to know its place and time. O let the day-spring from on high visit our dark souls, and the sun of righteousness arise with healing under his wings.

We bless thee, that the light we see is the Lord's ; that this is the day which the Lord hath made, hath made for man, hath made for himself, we will rejoice and be glad in it. That thou hast revealed unto us thy holy sabbaths, and that we were betimes taught to put a difference between this day and other days, and that we live in a land, in all parts of which GOD is publickly and solemnly worshipped on this day.

We bless thee, that sabbath liberties, and opportunities are continued to us ; and that we are not wishing in vain for these days of the Son of Man ; that our candlestick is not removed out of its place, as justly it might have been, because we left our first love.

Now we bid this sabbath welcome : *Hosannah to the son of David, blessed is he that cometh in the*

*name of the Lord, Hosannah in the highest. O that we may be in the spirit on the Lord's day; that this may be the sabbath of the Lord in our dwelling; in our hearts, a sabbath of rest from sin, and a sabbath of rest in GOD. Enable us, we pray thee, so to sanctify this sabbath, as that it may be sanctified to us, and be a means of our sanctification: That by resting to-day from our worldly employments, our hearts may be more and more taken off from present things, and prepared to leave them; and that by employing our time to-day in the worship of GOD, we may be led into a more experimental acquaintance with the work of heaven, and be made more meet for that blessed world.*

We confess we are utterly unworthy of the honour, and unable for the work of communion with thee; but we come to thee in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, who is worthy, and depend upon the assistance of thy blessed Spirit, to work all our works in us, and so to ordain peace for us.

We keep this day holy to the honour of thee, O GOD, the Father Almighty, the Maker of heaven and earth, in remembrance of the work of creation, that work of wonder, in which *thou madest all things out of nothing, by the word of thy power, and all very good;* and they continue to this day according to thy ordinance, for all thy servants. *Thou art worthy to receive blessing, and honour, and glory, and power, for thou hast created all things, and for thy pleasure they are and were created.* O thou who didst command the light to shine out of darkness, who saidst on the first day of the first week, *Let there be light, and there was light;* we pray thee shine this day into our hearts, and give us more and more the light of the knowledge of the glory of GOD in the face of Jesus Christ; and let us be thy workmanship created in Christ Jesus unto good works; a kind of first-fruits of thy creatures.

We likewise sanctify this day to the honour of our Lord Jesus Christ, the only begotten Son, and our exalted Redeemer, in remembrance of his resurrection from the dead on the first day of the week, by which he was declared to be the Son of GOD with power.

We

We bless thee, that having laid down his life, to make attonement for sin, he rose again for our justification, that he might bring in everlasting righteousness. We bless thee, that he is risen from the dead, as the first-fruits of them that slept, that he might be the resurrection and the life to us. Now we pray, that while we are celebrating the memorial of his resurrection with joy and triumph, we may experience in our souls the power of his resurrection, that we may rise with him, may rise from the death of sin to the life of righteousness, from the dust of this world to a holy, heavenly, spiritual divine life. O that we may be planted together in the likeness of Christ's resurrection, that as Christ was raised from the dead by the glory of the father, so we also may walk in newness of life.

We sanctify this day to the honour of thy Holy Spirit, that blessed Spirit of grace the Comforter, rejoicing at the remembrance of the descent of the Spirit upon the Apostles on the day of Pentecost, the first day of the week likewise. We bless thee, that when Jesus was glorified, the Holy Ghost was given to make up the want of his bodily presence, to carry on his undertaking, and to ripen things for his second coming; and that we have a promise that he shall abide with us for ever. And we pray, that the Spirit of him that raised up Jesus from the dead, may dwell and rule in every one of us, to make us partakers of a new and divine nature. Come, O blessed Spirit of grace, and breath upon these dry bones, these dead hearts of ours, that they may live, and be in us a spirit of faith, and love, and holiness, a spirit of power, and a sound mind.

O Lord, we bless thee for thy holy Word, which is a light to our feet, and a lamp to our paths, and which was written for our learning, that we through patience and comfort of the Scriptures might have hope; that the Scriptures are preserved pure and entire to us, and that we have them in a language that we understand. We beg that we may not receive the grace of GOD in vain. We bless thee that our eyes see the joyful light, and our ears hear the joyful sound

of a Redeemer and a Saviour, and of redemption and salvation by him ; that life and immortality are brought to light by the Gospel. Glory be to GOD in the highest, for in and through Jesus Christ there is on earth peace and good will towards men.

We bless thee for the great Gospel-record, that *God bath given to us eternal life, and this life is in his Son.* Lord, we receive it as a faithful saying, and well worthy of all acceptation. O let him be made of GOD to us wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption ; let us be effectually called into fellowship with him, and by faith be united to him, so that Christ may live in us, and we may grow up into him in all things who is the head ; that we may bring forth fruit in him, and whatever we do in word or deed, we may do all in his name. O let us have the Spirit of Christ, that thereby it may appear we are his. And through him we pray that we may have eternal life, that we may none of us come short of it, but may all of us have the first fruits and earnests of it abiding in us.

We bless thee for the new covenant made with us in Jesus Christ. Lord, we fly for refuge to it, we take hold of it as the hope set before us. Thou hast declared concerning the Lord Jesus, that he is thy beloved Son in whom thou art well pleased ; we humbly beg, Lord, be thou pleased with us in and thro' him.

O that our hearts may be filled this day with pleasing thoughts of Christ, and his love to us, that great love wherewith he hath loved us. O the admirable dimensions of that love, the height and depth, and length and breadth of the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge. Let this love constrain us to love him, and live to him who died for us and rose again. O that it may be a pleasure and mighty satisfaction to us, to think, that while we are here praying at the throne of Grace, our blessed Saviour is sitting at the right-hand of the throne of glory interceding for us : We earnestly beg through him we may find favour with thee our GOD, and may be taken into covenant and communion with thee.

We

We humbly pray thee for his sake, forgive all our sins, known and unknown, in thought, word, and deed: Through him let us be acquitted from all guilt. O let there be no cloud of guilt to interpose between us and our GOD this day, and to intercept our comfortable communion with thee. And let our lusts be mortified and subdued, that our own corruptions may not be as a clog to us, to hinder the ascent of our souls heaven-wards.

We pray thee assist us in all the religious services of this thine own holy day: Go along with us, we humbly beseech thee, to the solemn assembly; for if thy presence go not up with us, wherefore should we go up? Give us to draw nigh to thee with a true heart, with a free heart, with a fixed heart, and in full assurance of faith. Meet us with a blessing: Grace thine own ordinances with thy presence, that special presence which thou hast promised there where two or three are gathered together in thy name. Help us against our manifold infirmities, and the sins that do most easily beset us, in our attendance upon thee: Let thy word come with life and power to our souls, and be as good seed sown in good soil, taking root, and bringing forth fruit to thy praise: And let our prayers and praises be spiritual sacrifices, acceptable in thy sight thro' Christ Jesus.

Let thy presence be in all the assemblies of christians this day. In the chariot of the everlasting gospel let the great Redeemer ride forth triumphantly, conquering and to conquer, and let every thought be brought into obedience to him: Let many be brought to believe the report of the gospel, and to many let the arm of the Lord be revealed: Let sinners be converted unto thee, and thy saints edified, and built up in faith, holiness and comfort, unto salvation.

All which, with every other needful mercy, we humbly ask, in the name, and thro' the meditation, of thy dear Son, in whose words we farther call upon thee: *Our Father, &c.*

*A FAMILY-PRAYER for the LORD'S DAY  
evening.*

**O** Eternal and for ever blessed and glorious Lord GOD, thou art GOD over all, and rich in mercy to all that call upon thee ; most wise and powerful, holy, just and good ; the King of kings, and Lord of lords ; our Lord and our GOD.

Thou art happy without us, and hast no need of our services, neither can our goodness extend unto thee ; but we are miserable without thee ; we have need of thy favour, and are undone, for ever undone, if thy goodness extend not unto us ; and therefore, Lord, we intreat thy favour with our whole hearts ; O let thy favour be towards us in Jesus Christ, for our happiness is bound up in it, and it is to us better than life. We confess we have forfeited thy favour, we have render'd ourselves utterly unworthy of it ; yet we are humbly bold to pray for it in the name of Jesus Christ, who loved us, and gave himself for us.

We bewail it before thee, that we have been miserable sinners : But with thee, O GOD, there is mercy and plenteous redemption : Thou hast graciously provided for all those that repent and believe the gospel, that the guilt of their sins shall be removed through the merit of Christ's death, and the power of their sins broken by his spirit and grace ; and he is both ways *able to save to the uttermost all those that come to GOD by him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for us.*

Lord, we come to thee as a Father by Jesus Christ the Mediator, and earnestly desire by repentance and faith to turn from the world and the flesh to GOD in Jesus Christ, as our ruler and portion. We are sorry that we have offended thee, we are ashamed to think of our treacherous and ungrateful carriage towards thee. We desire that we may have no more to do with sin, and pray as earnestly that the power of sin may be broken in us, as that the guilt of sin may be removed

removed from us ; and we rely upon the righteousness of Jesus Christ, and upon the merit of his death, for the procuring thy favour. O look down upon us in him, and for his sake receive us graciously, heal our backslidings, and love us freely ; and let not our iniquity be our ruin.

We beg, that being justified by faith, we may have peace with thee, O GOD, through our Lord Jesus Christ, whom thou hast set forth to be a propitiation for sin, that thou mayst be just, and the justifier of them who believe in Jesus.

And mayst thou the GOD of peace sanctify us wholly ; begin and carry on that good work in each of our souls, and make us in every thing such as thou wouldest have us to be. Fill us with all the graces of thy Spirit, that we may be fruitful in the fruits of righteousness, to the glory and praise of thee our GOD.

Mortify our pride, and cloath us with humility ; mortify our passion, and put upon us the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in thy sight of great price. Save us from the power of a vain mind, and let thy grace be mighty in us to make us serious and sober-minded. Let the flesh be crucified in us with all its affections and lusts, and give us grace to keep under our body, and to bring it into subjection to the laws of religion and right reason, and always to possess our vessel in sanctification and honour.

Let the love of the world be rooted out of us, and that covetousness which is idolatry ; and let the love of GOD in Christ be rooted in us. Shed abroad that love in our hearts by the Holy Ghost, and give us to love thee the Lord our GOD with all our heart, and soul, and mind, and might ; and to do all we do in religion from a principle of love to thee.

Mortify in us all envy, hatred, malice, and uncharitableness ; pluck up these roots of bitterness out of our minds, and give us grace to love one another with a pure heart fervently, as becomes the followers of the Lord Jesus, who has given us this as his new commandment. O that brotherly love may continue among us without dissimulation.

We

We pray thee, rectify all our mistakes ; if in any thing we be in an error, discover it to us ; and let the Spirit of truth lead us into all truth, the truth as it is in Jesus ; and give us that good understanding, which they have that do thy commandments ; and let our love, and all good affections abound in us yet more and more, in knowledge and all judgment.

Convince us, we pray thee, of the vanity of this world, and its utter insufficiency to make us happy, that we may never set our hearts upon it, nor raise our expectations from it ; and convince us of the vileness of sin, and its certain tendency to make us miserable, that we may hate it and dread it, and every thing that looks like it, or leads to it.

Convince us, we pray thee, of the worth of our own souls, and the weight of eternity, and the awfulness of that everlasting state which we are standing upon the brink of, and make us diligent and serious in our preparation for it, labouring chiefly not for the meat that perisheth, but for that which endureth to eternal life ; as those who have set their affections on things above, and not on things that are on the earth, which are trifling and transitory.

O that time, and the things of time, may be as nothing to us in comparison with eternity, and things of eternity : O that ETERNITY may be much upon our heart, and ever in our eye ; that we may be governed by that faith which is the substance of things hoped for, and the evidence of things not seen ; looking continually at the things that are not seen, that are eternal.

Give us grace, we pray thee, to look up to the other world with such an holy concern, as that we may look down upon this world with a holy contempt and indifference, as those that must be here but a very little while, and must be somewhere for ever ; that we may rejoice as tho' we rejoiced not ; and weep as tho' we wept not, and buy as tho' we possessed not, and may use this world as not abusing it, because the fashion of this world passeth, and we are passing away with it. O give us hearts truly mortified, crucified to the world, and the world crucified to us.

O let thy grace be mighty in us, and sufficient for us to prepare us for that great change, which will come certainly and shortly, and may come very suddenly, which will remove us from a world of sense to a world of spirits ; from our state of trial and probation, to that of recompence and retribution ! and to make us meet for the inheritance of the saints in light, that when we fail we may be received into everlasting habitations.

Prepare us, we beseech thee, for whatever we may meet with betwixt this evening and the grave : We know not what is before us, and therefore know not what particular provision to make, but thou dost ; and therefore we beg of thee to fit us by thy grace for all the services and all the sufferings which thou shalt at any time call us out to ; and arm against every temptation which we may at any time be assaulted with, that we may at all times, and in all conditions, glorify thee, O GOD, keep a good conscience, and be found in the way of our duty, and may keep up our hope and joy in Christ, and a believing prospect of eternal life ; and then welcome thy holy will.

Give us grace, we pray thee, to live a life of communion with thee both in ordinances and providences, to set thee always before us, and to have our eyes ever up unto thee, and to live a life of dependance upon thee, upon thy power, providence, and promise, trusting in thee at all times, and pouring out our hearts before thee ; and to live a life of devotedness to thee, and to thine honour and glory, as our highest end : And that we may make our religion not only our busines, but our pleasure, we beseech thee, enable us to live a life of complacency in thee, to rejoice in thee always.

We beseech thee, preserve us in our integrity to our dying day, and grant that we may never forsake thee, or turn from following after thee, but that with purpose of heart we may cleave unto the Lord ; and may not count life itself dear to us, so we may finish our course with joy.

Let thy good providence order all circumstances of our dying, so as may best befriend our comfortable removal

removal to a better world ; and let thy grace be sufficient for us to enable us to finish well ; and let us then have an abundant entrance minister'd to us into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

And while we are here, make us wiser and better every day than another ; more weaned from the world, and more willing to leave it ; more holy, heavenly and spiritual ; that the longer we live in this world, the fitter we may be for another world, and our last days may be our best days, our last works our best works, and our last comforts our sweetest comforts.

O that the light of all christians did so shine before men, that others might glorify thee our Father which art in heaven ! Send forth thy light and thy truth into all the dark corners of the earth, that all kings may fall down before thee, and all nations do thee service ! Bless these kingdoms, and give us grace at length to bring forth fruits meet for repentance. O Lord, save the King, and establish his throne in righteousness. Prosper the endeavours of all those who faithfully feed thy people, and increase the number of them. Bless the word we have heard this day to us, and to all that heard it. Hear our prayers, accept our praises, and forgive what thy pure eye hath seen amiss in us, and our performances. We bless thee for all the mercies of this thine holy day ; we have reason to say, that a day in thy courts is better than a thousand.

Take us under thy protection this night, and enable us to close the day with thee, that we may lie down, and our sleep may be sweet. Be with us in the following week in all our ways ; forgive us that we have brought so much of the week with us into the Sabbath, and enable us to bring a great deal of the Sabbath with us into the week, that we may be the fitter for the next Sabbath, if we shall live to it.

Make us meet for the everlasting Sabbath, which we hope to keep in thy kingdom, when time and days shall be no more.

As we began the Lord's day with the joyful memorial of Christ's resurrection, so we desire to conclude it with the joyful expectations of Christ's second coming,

ing, and of our own resurrection then to a blessed immortality ; triumphing in hope of the glory of thee, our GOD.

Accept, O gracious Lord, and merciful Father, the poor tribute of our prayers and praises, through Jesus Christ our only Advocate and Mediator : In whose name and words we farther call upon thee ; *Our Father, &c.*

### *A MORNING-PRAYER for a FAMILY.*

WE do here present ourselves this morning before thy heavenly glorious Majesty, oh most blessed LORD our GOD, with the desire of our souls, to pay unto Thee that *tribute* of homage and service, and prayer and praise, which thou hast made us capable of, and every way obliged us to : we desire to perform the same in such a manner, that thou mayst mercifully accept us and our services, at the hands of *Jesus Christ*. In his great name we come to Thee, at thy command, and worship here at thy footstool ; to beg thy *pardon*, and *peace*, the encrease of thy grace, and the tokens of thy love. For we are not worthy, that Thou shouldst in any way of mercy, take notice of us, or be intreated by us : But worthy is the Lamb of GOD, slain to take away the sins of the world, for whose sake Thou shouldst mercifully look upon us. For he has fulfilled those holy laws, which we have broken ; and perfectly satisfied the justice of Heaven, for all our breaches of them. And in Him Thou art a GOD gracious and merciful to poor sinners, who deserve nothing from Thee, but to be forsaken, and abhorred by Thee. *Unto us belong shame and confusion of face for our sins*, and fearful *expectations* of all the judgments and miseries which thy holy laws denounce against sinners : If Thou, Lord, shouldst be extreme to mark what we have done amiss : if Thou should'st deal with, and proceed against us, as in justice Thou might'st.

But,

But, O gracious Father, regard not what we have done *against Thee*; but what our blessed Saviour has done *for us*; nor what we have made *ourselves*, but what He is *made of Thee* our GOD unto us. And O that Christ may be to every one of our souls, (what He is to all thy faithful people,) *wisdom and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption*; that his precious blood may cleanse us from all our sins; and that the grace of thy holy Spirit may further renew and sanctify our souls; and subdue our iniquities, and mortify our lusts; and quicken us to, and enable us for; the performance of all duties of thy holy service. O let not sin *reign* in our mortal bodies, that we should obey it in the lusts thereof. And let us approve our very hearts to Thee, the searcher of them; and all our ways, still pleasing in thy holy sight.

O teach us to know Thee our GOD, and enable us to do *thy will*, as we ought to do. Give us hearts to fear Thee, and love Thee; to trust and delight in Thee, and to adhere and cleave in faithfulness unto Thee. That no Temptations may draw us, nor any tribulations drive us from Thee: But that all thy *dispensations* to us, and all thy *dealings* with us, may be the messengers of thy love to our *souls*; to bring us still nearer to thy *blessed self*; and to make us still fitter for thy heavenly kingdom. Quicken us, O Lord, in our dulness, that we may not serve Thee in a lifeless, and listless manner: But may *abound* in thy work, and be *servent* in spirit, serving the Lord. And make us also faithful in all the offices of intercourse with our neighbours; that we may be ready to do *good*, and bear *evil*, and forbear *revenge*; and be just and kind, merciful and meek, peaceable, and patient, sober and temperate, humble and self-denying, inoffensive and useful in the world: That *so glorifying* Thee here upon earth, we may, at our departure hence, enter into the joy of our Lord; and be for ever *glorified* in thy heavenly kingdom.

O Thou, that hast kept us alive to this day, and hast been still good and kind to us all our days, renew thy mercy to us, we beseech Thee, together with this morning light: And as Thou makest the outgoings

outgoings of the morning and evening to rejoice: So lift up the light of thy countenance upon us, and make us glad with the tokens of thy love. And Thou that art ever *present* with us, O make us ever well aware of thy *presence*; that we may duly remember Thee in all our *ways*; and wisely and piously demean ourselves in all our *affairs*. Be with us, good Lord, at our *going out*, and our *coming in*: and let thy grace follow us this day, and all the days of our life; be Thou our *guide* unto death, in death our *comfort*, and after death our *portion* and happiness everlasting. O hear us from heaven thy dwelling-place; and when Thou hearest, have mercy: Forgive the sins of our persons, and the sins of our *prayers*: and do more for us, than *we* are worthy to expect at thy hands, for His sake, who alone is worthy: in whose comprehensive words we sum up all our *desires*, *Our Father, &c.*

*An EVENING-PRAYER for a FAMILY.*

**O** LORD, our GOD! Thou art infinitely *great* and *good*. Thy glory is above all our *thoughts*, and thy mercies are over all thy works. And above all thy mercies, have we cause to admire, and bless, and praise Thee, for those mercies which in so large a measure, and especial manner, Thou hast been pleased still to vouchsafe unto us; who are the daily *objects* of thy bounty, and do continue still the living *monuments* of thy goodness. Where thy *glorious perfections* check and forbid our approaches, thy *gracious attributes* do invite and encourage our applications unto Thee; and embolden us to look upon Thee as our most kind and merciful *Father* in *Jesus Christ*. And tho' we have great and many sins to confess, yet will we confess them in hopes of thy pardon of them, and of power from on high, to enable us against them.

Thou didst create us, O Lord, after thy own blessed image, in an holy and happy estate: But we have made ourselves vile and miserable: averse to good,

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prone to evil, and so very full of provocation that it is thy wonderful *patience* with us, and loving-kindness to us, that Thou hast not long before this time cut us off in our *sins*, and shut us up, under final despair of thy mercy. But Thou hast so far declar'd thy willingness to be reconciled even to thy *enemies*; that Thou hast sent thy only Son into the world, upon the great errand of our salvation; that whosoever believe in Him, should not perish in their sins, but have everlasting life, for His sake. O Lord, we believe, help our unbelief: And give us the true *repentance* towards Thee our GOD, and the right *faith* in our Lord JESUS CHRIST; that we may be of the number of those, who do indeed repent and believe to the saving of the soul.

And save us, O good Lord, from our sinful selves, and from the love and course of this present evil world; and from every self-destroying way, which we are tempted to follow. Make us a way to escape out of all the snares of temptations, wherewith we have been intangled and held, and hindered, in running the race set before us; and make thy ways plain before us, and so full of invitations to us, that we may be thoroughly convinced of their goodness and excellence; and resolutely give up ourselves to follow them: that our own experience in the way of godliness may be more to keep and engage us to it, than all allurements and discouragements in the world, to put us beside it. Establish, O Lord, and strengthen, and settle us; that going forth in thy strength, we may do thy will in all well-pleasing; and continue in thy fear, and love to our lives end.

Which things we beg not for ourselves alone, but also in behalf of all, whom we ought to intreat thy *mercy* for in our prayers. O bring nigh unto Thee all those that are yet afar off: That such as yet fit in darkness and the shadow of death, may come to see the light of thy truth, and the joy of thy salvation. O that every one, that names the name of Christ, may depart from iniquity, and so live up to their high and holy profession, that they may give no just occasion to the enemies of the Lord to blaspheme; but adorn

adorn the doctrine of GOD our Saviour in all things, and put to silence the ignorance of foolish men by well-doing.

Be favourable, O Lord, in especial manner, to that part of thy church, which Thou hast planted in this, and the neighbouring nations whereunto we belong. O Lord, maintain Thy gospel *in its purity*, which Thou hast so long, and so wonderfully own'd and asserted among us. O let not the enemies of our holy *religion* ever have cause to say, that they have prevail'd against Thy people. But let all that do espouse *thy cause*, and stand up for the defence of thy true religion, be prevalent and prosperous in all their pious designs: and have cause to say, *The Lord be magnified, who has pleasure in the prosperity of his servants.*

Bles with the choicest of thy blessings our gracious king *George*, whom Thou hast put in authority over us. O Lord, protect his *person*, abundantly bles his family, direct his *counsels*, make his *government* still easy and happy both to himself, and us; and prosper all his undertakings and endeavours for Thy glory, and for the publick safety, peace, and welfare. Give all *magistrates* wisdom and courage to do right to all, and to put the laws in execution against vice. Make *ministers* exemplary to their flocks, in all sobriety, righteousness and holiness (—). And establish us all an *holy people* to thyself.

Comfort all that want the *comforts* which we enjoy: And apply thyself in a way of agreeable *mercy*, to the several necessities and calamities of all thy afflicted Ones, wheresoever or howsoever they are *tried*. Remember with the favour which Thou bearest to thy people, all our *friends*, and *benefactors*, our *kindred* after the flesh, and whoever are dear to us, on any other account. Make them, O Lord, such as Thou wouldst have them, and such as in Christ Jesus Thou wilt mercifully accept of, *Here to thy gracious favour, and hereafter to thy glorious kingdom*. Forgive our *enemies*, and turn their hearts; and turn ours to forgive them. And direct all our ways to please

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Thee ; that Thou mayst make even our enemies to be at peace with us.

Hear us, O GOD of the spirits of all flesh ! Hear us for ourselves, and others ; others for themselves and us ; and particularly for all the members of thy church militant here on earth, whereof *Christ Jesus* in heaven is the glorious *head* : In His dear name we offer up this our evening sacrifice : For Him, and to Him, with thine eternal self, most holy Father, and the blessed *Spirit* of grace, our guide, and comforter, be all thanks, and praise, and honour, and glory, humbly and heartily render'd by us, and all the people, now and for evermore. *Amen.*

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A

A short Persuasive to the much neglected duty  
of singing praises to GOD in the family and  
closet.

“ **L**ET me desire my pious reader to be much in  
“ the heavenly work of praise ; because this is  
“ the work of angels and saints above, and this will  
“ be our own everlasting work ; if we were more  
“ taken up in this employment, we should be liker  
“ to what we shall be then. We may argue that  
“ singing of praise is a most profitable duty, because  
“ it is so delightful, as it were to GOD himself, that  
“ he hath made it his people’s eternal work ; for they  
“ shall sing the song of Moses, and the song of the  
“ Lamb, *Rev. xv. 3.* *The liveliest emblem of heaven*  
“ *that I know upon earth,* (said Mr. \* Baxter) *is,*  
“ *when the people of GOD, in the deep sense of his ex-*  
“ *cellency and bounty, from hearts abounding with love*  
“ *and joy, do join together both in heart and voice, in*  
“ *the cheerful and melodious singing of his praises.*  
“ Those that deny the lawful use of singing psalms,  
“ do disclose their unexperienced hearts. Had they  
“ felt the heavenly delights, that many of their bre-  
“ thren in such duties have felt, I think they would  
“ have been of another mind : And whereas they  
“ are wont to question whether such delights be ge-  
“ nuine, or any better than delusive ; surely the very  
“ relish of GOD and heaven that is in them, *the ex-*  
“ *ample of the saints in scripture, whose spirits have*  
“ *been raised by the same duty, and the command of*  
“ *scripture for the use of this means, one would think*  
“ *should quickly engage us to comply with this an-*  
“ *gelical work.*

“ Little do we know how we wrong ourselves by  
“ the neglect of this duty. Reader, I intreat thee,  
“ remember this : Let songs of praise have a larger  
“ room in thy devotions.”

\* *Saints Rest, Part 4. p. 337.*

A

COLLECTION  
OF  
PSALMS and HYMNS,  
For the FAMILY and CLOSET.

## PSALM V.

*For the Lord's-day morning.*

1. **L**ORD, in the morning thou shalt hear  
    My voice ascending high:  
    To thee will I direct my prayer,  
    To thee lift up mine eye.
2. Up to the hills where Christ is gone:  
    To plead for all his saints,  
    Presenting at his Father's throne  
    Our songs and our complaints.
3. Thou art a GOD before whose fight  
    The wicked shall not stand;  
    Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,  
    Nor dwell at thy right-hand.
4. But to thy house will I resort,  
    To taste thy mercies there;  
    I will frequent thine holy court,  
    And worship in thy fear.

5 O may thy spirit guide my feet  
In ways of righteousness !  
Make every path of duty strait,  
And plain before my face.

*This psalm begins with the mention of morning-prayer, and proceeds to the worship of GOD in his temple, which inclined me to entitle it, for a Lord's-day morning.*

*Stanz. 2. and 5. where any just occasion is given to make mention of Christ, and the Holy Spirit, I refuse it not ; and am persuaded David would not have refused it, had he lived under the gospel ; nor St. Paul, had he written a psalm-book.*

Dr. WATTS.

### PSALM XV.

1 **W**HO shall ascend thy heav'nly place,  
Great GOD, and dwell before thy face ?  
The man that minds religion now,  
And humbly walks with GOD below.

2 Whose hands are pure, whose heart is clean,  
Whose lips still speak the thing they mean ;  
No flanders dwell upon his tongue ;  
He hates to do his neighbour wrong.

3 Scarce he believes an ill report,  
Nor vents it to his neighbour's hurt :  
Sinners of state he can despise,  
But saints are honour'd in his eyes.

4 Firm to his word he ever stood,  
And always makes his promise good :  
Nor dares to change the thing he swears,  
Whatever pain or loss he bears.

5 He never deals in bribing gold,  
And mourns that justice should be sold :  
While others gripe, and grind the poor,  
Sweet charity attends his door.

6 He loves his enemies, and prays  
 For those that curse him to his face :  
 And doth to all men still the same  
 That he would hope or wish from them.

7 Yet when his holiest works are done,  
 His soul depends on grace alone.  
 This is the man thy face shall see,  
 And dwell for ever, Lord, with thee.

*Since our blessed Saviour, in the New Testament, has so much explained the duties of the law and published the gospel, I could not pass over this psalm of the characters of the Jewish Saint, without inserting some brighter articles that must belong to the Christians. Such as alms and charity to the poor, love to enemies, blessing those who curse us, doing to others as we would have them do to us, and hope of acceptance only thro' divine grace.*

Dr. WATTS.

**P S A L M XVI. First Part.**

*Confession of our poverty, and saints the best company ; or, good works profit men, not GQD.*

1 **P** Reserve me, Lord, in time of need,  
 For succour to thy throne I flee,  
 But have no merits there to plead ;  
 My goodness cannot reach to Thee.

2 Oft have my heart and tongue confess  
 How empty, and how poor I am ;  
 My praise can never make Thee blest,  
 Nor add new glories to thy name.

3 Yet, Lord, thy saints on earth may reap  
 Some profit by the good we do ;  
 These are the company I keep,  
 These are the choicest friends I know.

Let

4 Let others chuse the sons of mirth  
To give a relish to their wine,  
I love the men of heavenly birth,  
Whose thoughts and language are divine.

*Second Part.***CHRIST's All-sufficiency.**

5 How fast their guilt, and sorrows rise ;  
Who haste to seek some idol god ;  
I will not taste their sacrifice,  
Their off'rings of forbidden blood.

6 My GOD provides a richer cup,  
And nobler food to live upon,  
He for my life has offer'd up  
Jesus his best beloved Son.

7 His love be my perpetual feast ;  
By day his counsels guide me right ;  
And be his name for ever blest,  
Who gives me sweet advice by night.

8 I set him still before mine eyes ;  
At my right hand he stands prepar'd  
To keep my soul from all surprize,  
And be my everlasting guard.

*From the Psalmist's mentioning of drink-offerings of blood, I take occasion to allude to the sacrifice of Christ. His flesh is meat indeed, and his blood is drink indeed, John vi. 55.*

Dr. WATTS.

*The Thrid Part.****Courage in death, and hope of the resurrection.***

9 When GOD is nigh my faith is strong  
His arm is my almighty prop.  
Be glad, my heart ; rejoice my tongue ;  
My dying flesh shall rest in hope.

The

10 Tho' in the dust I lay my head  
 Yet, gracious GOD, Thou wilt not leave  
 My soul for ever with the dead,  
 Nor lose thy children in the grave.

11 My flesh shall thy first call obey,  
 Shake off the dust and rise on high ;  
 Then shalt Thou lead the wondrous way  
 Up to thy throne above the sky.

12 There streams of endless pleasure flow ;  
 And full discoveries of thy grace  
 (Which we but tasted here below)  
 Spread heavenly joys thro' all the place.

## PSALM XVII. ver. 13, &amp;c.

*Portion of saints, and sinners, or hope and despair in death.*

1 **A** RISE, my gracious GOD,  
 And make the wicked flee ;  
 They are but thy chastizing rod,  
 To drive thy saints to Thee.

2 Behold the finner dies,  
 His haughty words are vain ;  
 Here in this life his pleasure lies,  
 And all beyond is pain.

3 Then let his pride advance ;  
 And boast of all his store ;  
 The Lord is my inheritance,  
 My soul can wish no more.

4 I shall behold the face  
 Of my forgiving GOD,  
 And stand compleat in righteousness,  
 Wash'd in my Saviour's blood.

There's

5 There's a new heaven begun  
When I awake from death,  
Drest in the likeness of thy Son  
And draw immortal breath.

Stanza 5th. *The heaven, which souls enjoy in the separate state, is so much increas'd by the resurrection of the body, that it may be call'd a new heaven, the heaven of the body as well as of the soul.*

Dr. WATT

PSALM XVII. 3, 13, 14, 15.

*The sinner's portion, and saint's hope.*

1 **L**ORD, I am thine ; but thou wilt prove  
My faith, my patience, and my love :  
When men of spite against me join,  
They are the sword, the hand is thine.

2 Their hope and portion lies below ;  
'Tis all the happiness they know,  
'Tis all they seek ; they take their shares,  
And leave the rest among their heirs.

3 What sinners value, I resign ;  
Lord, 'tis enough that Thou art mine :  
I shall behold thy blissful face,  
And stand compleat in righteousness.

4 This world's a dream, an empty show ;  
But the bright world to which I go,  
Hath joys substantial and sincere ;  
When shall I wake, and find me there ?

5 O glorious hour ! O blest abode !  
I shall be near, and like my GOD !  
And flesh and sin no more controul  
The sacred pleasures of the soul.

6 My flesh shall slumber in the ground,  
'Till the last trumpet's joyful sound ;  
Then burst the chains with sweet surprise,  
And in my Saviour's image rise.

*The*

The sense of a great part of this psalm occurs so often in the book of psalms, that I thought it necessary to translate no more than these few verses of it (viz.) ver. 3. Thou hast proved my heart, thou hast tried me, and shall find nothing. ver. 13. The wicked are thy sword. ver. 14. The men of the world have their portion in this life, whose belly thou fillest: They leave the rest of their substance to their babes. ver. 15. I shall behold thy face in righteousness, I shall be satisfied when I awake in thy likeness.

I confess, I have indulged a large exposition here, but I could not forbear to give my thoughts a loose upon this divine description of compleat blessedness in the 15th verse; this bright abridgment of heaven.

From the word, awake, I have taken occasion to represent the departing soul's awaking into the world of spirits, as well as the body's awaking from the grave.

Dr. WATTS.

### Part of PSALM XIX.

1    **T**HE spacious firmament on high  
With all the blue aethereal sky,  
And spangled heavens a shining frame  
Their great original proclaim.

2    Th' unwearied sun from day to day  
Does his Creator's power display,  
And publishes to every land  
The work of an almighty hand.

3    Soon as the evening shades prevail,  
The moon takes up the wond'rous tale;  
And nightly to the list'ning earth  
Repeats the story of her birth.

4    Whilst all the stars that round her burn,  
And all the planets in their turn,  
Confirm the tidings as they roll,  
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

5    What tho' in solemn silence all  
Move round the dark terrestrial ball;  
What tho' nor real voice nor sound  
Amidst their radiant orbs be found:

6 In reason's ear they all rejoice,  
And utter forth a glorious voice ;  
For ever singing as they shine ;  
The hand that made us is divine.

MR. ADDISON.

*The same.*

1 **T**HE heavens declare thy glory, Lord,  
In every star thy wisdom shines ;  
But when our eyes behold thy word,  
We read thy name in fairer lines.

2 The rolling sun, the changing light,  
And nights, and days thy power confess ;  
But the blest volume thou hast writ  
Reveals thy justice, and thy grace.

3 Sun, moon, and stars convey thy praise  
Round the whole earth, and never stand :  
So when thy truth begun its race  
It touch'd and glanc'd on every land.

4 Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest  
Till thro' the world thy truth has run ;  
Till *Christ* has all the nations blest,  
That see the light, or feel the sun.

5 Great Sun of righteousness, arise,  
Bles the dark with heavenly light ;  
Thy gospel makes the simple wise ;  
Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.

6 Thy noblest wonders here we view  
In souls renew'd, and sins forgiv'n :  
Lord, cleanse my sins, my soul renew,  
And make thy word my guide to heav'n.

*The plain design of the Psalmist is to shew the excellency of the book of scripture above the book of nature, in order to convert and save a sinner, yet the apostle Paul in Rom. x. 18. applies or accommodates the 4th verse to the spreading of the gospel over the Roman*

Roman empire, which is called the whole world in the New Testament; and in this version I have endeavoured to imitate him.

Dr. WATTS.

PSALM XXIII.

- 1 **A**S the good shepherd gently leads  
His wand'ring flocks to dewy meads,  
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,  
Amidst the verdant landskips flow.
- 2 So GOD the guardian of my soul,  
Does all my erring steps controul:  
When lost in sin's perplexing maze,  
He leads me back to virtuous ways.
- 3 Tho' I should journey thro' the plains,  
Where death in all its horror reigns;  
My stedfast heart no ill shall fear,  
For Thou, O Lord, art with me there.
- 4 By Thee with peace and plenty blest,  
My life is one continued feast:  
Thy ever-watchful providence  
Is my support, and my defence.
- 5 O bounteous GOD, my future days  
Shall be devoted to Thy praise;  
And in thy house thy sacred name,  
And wond'rous grace shall be my theme.
- 6 Praise GOD from whom pure blessings flow,  
Whose bowels yearn on all below,  
Who would not have one sinner lost:  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

## PSALM XL. 5-10.

## CHRIST our sacrifice.

1 THE wonders, Lord, thy love has wrought,  
Exceed our praise, surmount our thought;  
Should I attempt the long detail,  
My speech would faint, my numbers fail.

2 No blood of bulls on altars spilt,  
Can cleanse the souls of men from guilt;  
But Thou hast set before our eyes  
An all-sufficient sacrifice.

3 Lo ! Thine eternal Son appears  
To thy designs he bows his ears,  
Assumes a body well prepar'd  
And well performs a work so hard.

4 " Behold I come (the Saviour cries,  
With love and duty in his eyes)  
" I come to bear the heavy load  
" Of sins, and do Thy will, my GOD.

5 " Tis written in thy great decree,  
" Tis in thy book foretold of Me,  
" I must fulfil the Saviour's part,  
" And lo ! Thy law is in my heart.

6 " I'll magnify thy holy law,  
" And rebels to obedience draw,  
" When on my cross I'm lifted high,  
" Or to my crown above the sky.

" The Spirit shall descend and show  
" What Thou hast done, and what I do;  
" The wond'ring world shall learn Thy grace,  
" Thy wisdom, and Thy righteousness.

*If David had written this psalm in the days of the gospel, surely  
he would have given a much more express and particular account  
of*

of the sacrifice of Christ, as he hath done of his preaching, v. 9, 10, and enlarged as Paul does in Heb. x. 4, &c. where this psalm is cited. I have done no more therefore in this paraphrase, than what I am persuaded the Psalmist himself would have done in the time of christianity.

The scriptures which I have used here on this occasion are, Heb. x. 4. It is not possible the blood of bulls and of goats should take away sin. ver. 5. A body hast Thou prepared me. John vii. 18. I seek the glory of Him that sent me. Heb. x. 26. He appeared to put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself. 1 John iii. 5. The son of GOD was manifested, &c. 1 Pet. ii. 24. He bare our sins. Isa. xliii. 21. He will magnify the law, and make it honourable. John xii. 32. If I be lifted up, I will draw all men to me. John xvii. 14. The Spirit shall receive of mine, and shew it unto you.

Dr. WATTS.

PSALM XLI. 1, 2, 3.

*Charity to the poor.*

- 1 **B**LEST is the man whose bowels move,  
And melt with pity to the poor,  
Whose soul by sympathizing love,  
Feels what his fellow-faints endure.
- 2 His heart contrives for their relief  
More good than his own hands can do :  
He, in the time of general grief,  
Shall find the Lord has bowels too.
- 3 His soul shall live secure on earth,  
With secret blessings on his head,  
When drought, and pestilence, and dearth,  
Around him multiply the dead.
- 4 Or if he languish on his couch,  
GOD will pronounce his sins forgiven,  
Will save him with a healing touch,  
Or take his willing soul to heaven.

*The ten last verses of this psalm are of another subject, relating to David's personal enemies, which I have omitted.*

*The positive blessings of long life, health, recovery, and security, in the midst of dangers, being so much promised in the Old Testament.*

Testament, and so little in the New; a turn [is] given at the end of this hymn, to discourage a too confident expectation of these temporal things, and the soul is led to heavenly hopes, more agreeable to the gospel.

Dr. WATTS.

## PSALM LI.

*A penitent pleading for pardon.*

- 1 **S**How pity, Lord, O Lord forgive,  
Let a repenting rebel live :  
Are not thy mercies large and free ?  
May not a sinner trust in thee ?
- 2 My crimes are great, but not surpass  
The power and glory of thy grace ;  
Great GOD, thy nature hath no bound,  
So let thy pardoning love be found.
- 3 O wash my soul from every sin,  
And make my guilty conscience clean ;  
Here on my heart the burden lies,  
And past offences pain mine eyes.
- 4 My lips with shame my sins confess  
Against thy law, against thy grace :  
Lord, should thy judgment grow severe,  
I am condemn'd, but thou art clear.
- 5 Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,  
I must pronounce thee just in death ;  
And if my soul were sent to hell,  
Thy righteous law approves it well.
- 6 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,  
Whose hope still hovering round thy word,  
Would light on some sweet promise there,  
Some sure support against despair.

## SECOND PART.

## Original and actual sin confessed.

1    **L**ORD, I am vile, conceiv'd in sin ;  
     And born unholy and unclean ;  
     Sprung from the man whose guilty fall :  
     Corrupts the race, and taints us all.

2    Soon as we draw our infant-breath,  
     The seeds of sin grow up for death ;  
     Thy law demands a perfect heart,  
     But we're defil'd in every part.

3    Great GOD, create my heart a-new,,  
     And form my spirit pure and true :  
     O make me wise betimes to spy,  
     My danger and my remedy.

4    Behold I fall before thy face ;  
     My only refuge is thy grace :  
     No outward forms can make me clean ;  
     The leprosy lies deep within.

5    No bleeding bird, nor bleeding beast,  
     Nor hyssop-branch, nor sprinkling priest,  
     Nor running-brook, nor flood, nor sea,  
     Can wash the dismal stain away.

6    **J**esus, my GOD, thy blood alone  
     Hath power sufficient to atone ;  
     Thy blood can make me white as snow ;  
     No Jewish types could cleanse me so.

7    While guilt disturbs and breaks my peace,  
     Nor flesh nor soul hath rest or ease ;  
     Lord, let me hear thy pardoning voice,  
     And make my broken bones rejoice.

*Stanz. 4, 5. Since the Psalmist seems to refer to the branch of hyssop, sprinkling the blood of the bird, and the running water,*

ter; *Levit. xiv. 51. I have here enlarged upon the insufficiency of all those rites, for the cleansing of sin, which is the leprosy of the soul.*

Stanz. 6. Such a glorious occasion of introducing the blood of a Saviour, could not be omitted here with justice to David, or to Christ his Son.

### THIRD PART.

#### *The Backslider restored ; or, Repentance and faith in the blood of Christ.*

1. **O** Thou that hear'st when sinners cry,  
Thou' all my crimes before thee lie,  
Behold me not with angry look,  
But blot their memory from thy book.
2. Create my nature pure within,  
And form my soul averse to sin :  
Let thy good spirit ne'er depart,  
Nor hide thy presence from my heart.
3. I cannot live without thy light,  
Cast out and banish'd from thy sight :  
Thine holy joys, my GOD, restore,  
And guard me that I fall no more.
4. Tho' I have griev'd thy spirit, Lord,  
His help and comfort still afford :  
And let a wretch come near thy throne,  
To plead the merits of thy Son.
5. A broken heart, my GOD, my King,  
Is all the sacrifice I bring ;  
The God of grace will ne'er despise  
A broken heart for sacrifice.
6. My soul lies humbled in the dust,  
And owns thy dreadful sentence just ;  
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,  
And save the soul condemn'd to die.

7 Then will I teach the world thy ways ;  
 Sinners shall learn thy sovereign grace ;  
 I'll lead them to my Saviour's blood,  
 And they shall praise a pardoning GOD.

8 O may thy love inspire my tongue !  
 Salvation shall be all my song ;  
 And all my powers shall join to bless  
 The Lord, my strength and righteousness.

Dr. WATTS.

## PSALM LXXXIV. 1, 2, 3, 4, 10.

*Delight in ordinances of worship ; or GOD present in his churches.*

1 **M**Y soul, how lovely is the place  
 To which thy GOD resorts !  
 'Tis heaven to see his smiling face,  
 Tho' in his earthly courts.

2 There, mighty GOD, thy words declare  
 The secrets of thy will ;  
 And still we seek thy mercy there,  
 And sing thy praises still.

3 My heart and flesh cry out for Thee,  
 While far from thine abode ;  
 When shall I tread thy courts, and see  
 My Saviour, and my GOD ?

4 The sparrow builds herself a nest,  
 And suffers no remove ;  
 O make me, like the sparrows, blest,  
 To dwell but where I love.

5 To fit one day beneath thine eye,  
 To hear thy gracious voice,  
 Exceeds a whole eternity  
 Employ'd in carnal joys.

LXXXIV.

6 Low at thy threshold I would wait  
While *Jesus* is within,  
Rather than fill a throne of state,  
Or rule a world of sin.

7 Could I command the spacious land  
And the more boundless sea,  
For one blest hour at thy right-hand  
I'd give them both away.

Dr. WATTS.

## PSALM XC. ver. 5, 10, 12.

*The frailty, and shortness of life.*

1 **L**ORD, what a feeble piece  
Is this our mortal frame?  
Our life how poor a trifle 'tis,  
That scarce deserves the name!

2 Alas! the brittle clay  
That built our body first  
And every month, and every day  
'Tis mould'ring back to dust.

3 Our moments fly apace,  
Nor will our minutes stay;  
Just like a flood our hasty days  
Are sweeping us away.

4 Well, if our days must fly  
We'll keep their end in sight,  
We'll spend them all in wisdom's way,  
And let them speed their flight.

5 They'll waft us sooner o'er  
This life's tempestuous sea;  
Soon we shall reach the peaceful shore  
Of blest eternity.

## P S A L M . C I V .

1     D O thou, my soul, in sacred lays,  
Attempt the great Creator's praise :  
But, O, what tongue can speak his fame ;  
What mortal verse can reach the theme.

2     Enthron'd amidst the radiant spheres,  
He glory like a garment wears,  
To form a robe of light divine  
Ten thousand suns around him shine.

3     Before his throne a glittering band  
Of Seraphims, and Angels stand ;  
Ætherial Spirits, who in flight  
Out-wing the active rays of light.

4     To GOD all nature owes its birth ;  
He form'd this pond'rous globe of earth :  
He rais'd the glorious arch on high,  
And floor'd it with the azure sky.

5     In all our Maker's grand designs,  
Omnipotence and wisdom shines ;  
His works thro' all this wond'rous frame,  
Bear the great impress of his name.

6     Rais'd on devotion's lofty wing,  
Do thou, my soul, his glories sing ;  
*And let his praise thy breath employ,*  
*Till it expire in endless joy.*

## P S A L M . C X I V .

*Miracles attending Israel's journey.*

1     W HEN Israel, freed from Pharaoh's hand,  
Left the proud tyrant and his land,  
The tribes with cheerful homage own  
Their King, and Judah was his throne.

Acrofs

2 Across the deep their journey lay ;  
The deep divides to make them way :  
The streams of *Jordan* saw, and fled  
With backward current to their head.

4 The mountains shook like frightened sheep,  
Like lambs the little hillocks leap ;  
Not *Sinai* on her base could stand,  
Conscious of sovereign power at hand.

5 What power could make the deep divide ?  
Make *Jordan* backward roll his tide ?  
Why did he leap, ye little hills ?  
And whence the fright that *Sinai* feels ?

5 Let every mountain, every flood,  
Retire, and know th' approaching GOD,  
The King of *Israel* : See him here ;  
Tremble thou earth, adore, and fear.

6 He thunders, and all nature mourns ;  
The rock to standing pools he turns ;  
Flints spring with fountains at his word,  
And fires and seas confess the Lord.

*This psalm appears to me an admirable Ode, but if I had introduced the presence of GOD into the camp of Israel removing from Egypt, as all my predecessors have done, I had lost the divine beauty of the psalm ; for had GOD appeared at first, there could be no wonder why the mountains should leap, and the sea retire ; therefore that this convulsion of nature may be brought in with due surprize, the sacred Poet conceals his name till afterward, and then with a very agreeable turn of thought GOD is introduced at once in all his Majesty. This is what I have attempted to imitate, and to preserve what I could of the spirit of the inspired Author.*

Dr. WATTS.

### PSALM CXXXIX.

#### *The All-Seeing GOD.*

1 **L**ORD, thou hast search'd, and seen me thro'  
Thine eye commands with piercing view  
My rising, and my resting hours,  
My heart and flesh with all their powers.

My

2 My thoughts before they are my own,  
Are to my GOD distinctly known ;  
He knows the words I mean to speak,  
E'er from my opening lips they break.

3 Within thy circling power I stand,  
On every side I find thy hand :  
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,  
I am surrounded still with GOD.

4 Amazing knowledge vast and great !  
What large extent ! what lofty height !  
My soul with all the powers I boast  
Is in the boundless prospect lost.

5 O may these thoughts possess my breast,  
Where-e'er I rove, where-e'er I rest ?  
Nor let my weaker passions dare  
Consent to sin, for GOD is there.

## PAUSE I.

6 Could I so false, so faithless prove,  
To quit thy service, and thy love,  
Where, Lord, could I thy presence shun,  
Or from thy dreadful glory run ?

7 If up to heaven I take my flight,  
'Tis there thou dwell'st enthron'd in light ;  
Or dive to hell, there vengeance reigns,  
And Satan groans beneath thy chains.

8 If mounted on a morning-ray  
I fly beyond the western sea,  
Thy swifter hand would first arrive,  
And there arrest thy fugitive.

9 Or should I try to shun thy sight  
Beneath the spreading vail of night,  
One glance of thine, one piercing ray  
Would kindle darkness into day.

10 The veil of night is no disguise,  
No screen from thy all-searching eyes ;  
Thy hand can seize thy foes as soon  
Thro' midnight shades as blazing noon.

11 Midnight and noon in this agree,  
Great GOD, they're both alike to thee ;  
Not death can hide what God can spy,  
And hell lies naked to his eye.

12 *O may these thoughts possess my breast,*  
*Where-e'er I rove, where-e'er I rest !*  
*Nor let my weaker passions dare*  
*Consent to sin, for GOD is there.*

### PAUSE II.

#### *The wonderful formation of man.*

13 'Twas from thy hand, my GOD, I came  
A work of such a curious frame ;  
In me thy fearful wonders shine,  
And each proclaims thy skill divine.

14 Thine eyes did all my limbs survey,  
Which yet in dark confusion lay ;  
Thou saw'st the daily growth they took,  
Form'd by the model of thy book.

15 By thee my growing parts were nam'd,  
And what thy sovereign counsels fram'd,  
(The breathing lungs, the beating heart)  
Was copied with unerring art.

16 At last to shew my Maker's name,  
GOD stamp'd his image on my frame,  
And in some unknown moment join'd  
The finish'd members to the mind.

17 There the young seeds of thought began,  
And all the passions of the man :  
Great GOD, our infant-nature pays  
Immortal tribute to thy praise.

\* I

Lord,

18 Lord, since in my advancing age  
I've acted on life's busy stage,  
Thy thoughts of love to me surmount  
The power of numbers to recount.

19 I could survey the ocean o'er,  
And count each sand that makes the shore,  
Before my swiftest thoughts could trace  
The numerous wonders of thy grace.

20 These on my heart be still impress'd,  
With these I'd give my eyes to rest ;  
And at my waking may I find  
GOD and his love possess my mind.

## PAUSE III.

*The heart-searching GOD.*

21 My GOD what inward grief I feel  
When impious men transgress thy will !  
I mourn to hear their lips profane,  
Take thy tremendous name in vain.

22 Does not my soul detest and hate  
The sons of malice and deceit ?  
Those that oppose thy laws and thee,  
I count them enemies to me.

23 Lord, search my soul, try every thought ;  
Tho' my own heart accuse me not  
Of walking in a false disguise,  
I beg the trial of thine eyes.

24 Doth secret mischief lurk within ?  
Do I indulge some unknown sin ?  
O turn my feet when-e'er I stray,  
And lead me in thy perfect way.

Dr. WATTS.

PSALM

PSALM CXLV. Second Part.

*The goodness of GOD.*

1 SWEET is the memory of thy grace,  
My GOD, my heavenly King;  
Let age to age thy righteousness  
In sounds of glory sing.

2 GOD reigns on high, but not confines  
His goodness to the skies;  
Thro' the whole earth his bounty shines,  
And every want supplies.

3 With longing eyes thy creatures wait  
On thee for daily food,  
Thy liberal hand provides their meat,  
And fills their mouths with good.

4 How *swift* are thy compassions, Lord!  
How *slow* thine anger moves!  
But soon he sends his pardoning word  
To cheer the souls he loves.

5 Creatures with all their endless race  
Thy power and praise proclaim;  
But saints who taste thy richer grace  
Delight to bless thy name.

6 Long as I live I'll bless Thy name  
My King, my GOD of love;  
My work and joy shall be the same  
In the bright world above.

Dr. WATTS.

PSALM CXLVI.

*Praise to GOD for his goodness and truth.*

1 Praise ye the Lord, my heart shall join  
In work so pleasant and divine,  
Now while the flesh is mine abode,  
And when my soul ascends to GOD.

2 Praise shall employ my noblest powers  
While immortality endures :  
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,  
While life and thought, and being last.

Why should I make a man my trust?  
Princes must die and turn to dust ;  
Their breath departs, their pomp and power  
And thoughts all vanish in an hour.

4 Happy the man whose hopes rely  
On *Israel's* GOD : He made the sky,  
And earth and seas, with all their train,  
And none shall find his promise vain.

5 His truth for ever stands secure ;  
He saves th' opprest, he feeds the poor :  
He sends the labouring conscience peace,  
And grants the prisontier sweet release.

6 The Lord hath eyes to give the blind ;  
The Lord supports the sinking mind :  
He helps the stranger in distress,  
The widow and the fatherless.

7 He loves his saints ; he knows them well,  
But turns the wicked down to hell :  
Thy GOD, O *Zion*, ever reigns ;  
Praise him in everlasting strains.

### PSALM CXLVII.

#### *The Divine Nature, Providence, and Grace.*

1 Praise ye the Lord : 'Tis good to raise  
Our hearts and voices in his praise :  
His nature and his works invite  
To make this duty our delight.

2 The Lord builds up *Jerusalem*,  
And gathers nations to his name :  
His mercy melts the stubborn soul,  
And makes the broken spirit whole.

- 3 He form'd the stars, those heavenly flames,  
He counts their numbers, calls their names :  
His wisdom's vast, and knows no bound,  
A deep where all our thoughts are drown'd.
- 4 Great is our Lord, and great his might ;  
And all his glories infinite :  
He crowns the meek, rewards the just,  
And treads the wicked to the dust.
- 5 Sing to the Lord, exalt him high,  
Who spreads his cloud around the sky ;  
There he prepares the fruitful rain,  
Nor lets the drops descend in vain.
- 6 He makes the grafts the hills adorn,  
And clothes the smiling fields with corn ;  
The beasts with food his hands supply,  
And the young ravens when they cry.
- 7 What is the creature's skill or force,  
The sprightly man, the warlike horse,  
The nimble wit, the active limb ?  
All are too mean delights for him.
- 8 But saints are lovely in his sight ;  
He views his children with delight :  
He sees their hope, he knows their fear ;  
And looks and loves his image there.

Dr. WATTS.

*Part of the CXLVIII<sup>th</sup> PSALM.*

1 **W**ITH Alleluahs to the Lord,  
Let all the heavens ring ;  
And all the glorious sons of light  
Celestial anthems sing.

2 Michael and Gabriel, mighty chiefs,  
Begin the sacred hymn ;  
Thro' all your files renew the song,  
Ye hosts of Seraphim.

3 Thou Sun, ordain'd to rule the day,  
Wide as thy radiant flame;  
Revisits with its genial ray,  
Thy Maker's praise proclaim.

4 Thou Moon, and all the glorious choir  
Of fixt and wand'ring stars,  
To aid the solemn service join  
The music of your spheres.

5 Let heav'n and earth, and skies and seas,  
With all the mighty throng  
Of univerſal nature, join  
In one adoring song,

6 To Him, whose name the utmost stretch  
Of mortal praise tranſcends,  
Whose glories far above the skies,  
Or starry worlds extends.

PSALM XCII. *First Part.**A Psalm for the Lord's day.*

1 Sweet is the work, my GOD, my King,  
To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing,  
To shew thy love by morning light,  
And talk of all thy truths at night.

2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest,  
No mortal cares shall seize my breast;  
O may my heart in tune be found,  
Like David's harp, of solemn sound!

3 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,  
And bless his works, and bless his word;  
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine!  
How deep thy counſels! how divine!

4 Fools never raise their thoughts so high,  
Like brutes they live, like brutes they die;  
Like grass they flourish, till thy breath  
Blast them in everlasting death.

But

5 But I shall share a glorious part,  
When grace has well refin'd my heart,  
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,  
Like holy oil, to chear my head.

6 Sin (my worst enemy before)  
Shall vex my eyes and ears no more;  
My inward foes shall all be slain,  
Nor Satan break my peace again.

7 Then shall I see, and hear, and know,  
All I desir'd, or wish'd below;  
And every power find sweet employ  
In that eternal world of joy.

Stanz. 6. *Rejoicing in the destruction of our personal enemies,*  
is not so evangelical a practice, therefore I have given the 11th  
verse of this psalm another turn, by changing David's personal  
enemies into the spiritual enemies of every christian (viz.) sin and  
Satan.

Dr. WATTS.

## P S A L M C.

1 **T**O GOD most high, in songs of praise,  
Let all the earth their voices raise:  
With joy approach the heavenly King,  
And in his sacred presence sing.

2 Our Maker is the living Lord,  
The GOD above all GOD's ador'd,  
We are his flock, the sheep he feeds  
In fertile vales, and grassy meads.

3 Let us in grateful hymns proclaim  
Our joys, and bless his holy name;  
Enter his gates on solemn days,  
And fill his courts with songs of praise.

4 The Lord is good; by every tongue  
Be his unbounded mercies sung:  
His truth shall spread to distant climes,  
And lighten all succeeding times.

## H Y M N S.

## I. A MORNING HYMN.

1 **A** Wake, my soul, and with the sun  
 Thy daily stage of duty run ;  
 Shake off dull sloth, and early rise,  
 To pay thy morning sacrifice.

2 Thy precious time, mispent, redeem,  
 Each present day thy last esteem ;  
 Improve thy talent with due care,  
 For the great day thyself prepare.

3 In conversation be sincere,  
 Keep conscience as the noon-tide clear ;  
 Think how all-seeing GOD thy ways,  
 And all thy secret thoughts surveys.

4 Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,  
 And with the angels bear thy part,  
 Who all night long unwearied sing  
 High praise to the Eternal King.

5 Awake, awake, ye heavenly choir,  
 May your devotion me inspire ;  
 That I like you my age may spend,  
 Like you may on my GOD attend.

6 May I like you in GOD delight,  
 Have all day long my GOD in sight ;  
 Perform like you my Maker's will :  
 O may I never more do ill !

7 All praise to thee, who safe has kept,  
 And hast refresh'd me whilst I slept ;  
 Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,  
 I may of endless light partake.

8 Lord, I my vows to thee renew,  
Disperse my sins, as morning dew ;  
Guard my first springs of thought, and will,  
And with thyself my spirit fill.

9 Direct, controul, suggest this day,  
All I design, or do, or say ;  
That all my pow'rs, with all their might,  
In thy sole glory may unite.

10 Praise GOD, from whom all blessings flow,  
Praise him all creatures here below ;  
Praise him above, ye heavenly host,  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Bp. KEN.

II. *An Evening Hymn.*

1 **A**LL praise to thee, my GOD, this night,  
For all the blessings of the light :  
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,  
Beneath thy own almighty wings.

2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,  
The ill that I this day have done ;  
That with the world, myself, and thee,  
I, 'ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 Teach me to live, that I may dread  
The grave, as little as my bed ;  
To die, that this vile body may  
Rise glorious at the awful day.

4 O may my soul on thee repose,  
And may sweet sleep my eye-lids close ;  
Sleep that may me more vigorous make  
To serve my GOD, when I awake.

5 When in the night I sleepless lie,  
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply ;  
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,  
No powers of darkness me molest.

108. *A collection of hymns.*

6 O when shall I, in endless day,  
For ever chase dark sleep away,  
And hymns, with the supernal choir,  
Incessant sing, and never tire !

7 O may my guardian, while I sleep,  
Close to my bed his vigils keep ;  
His love angelical instil,  
Stop all the avenues of ill.

8 May he celestial joys rehearse,  
And thought to thought with me converse ;  
Sing to my GOD all the night long,  
And when I wake I'll join the song.

9 Praise GOD, from whom all blessings flow,  
Praise him all creatures here below ;  
Praise him above, ye heavenly host,  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Ep. KEN.

Dear Jesu, in thy name I pray,  
Take all, take *all* my sins away.

III. *A MIDNIGHT HYMN.*

1 **M**Y GOD, now I from sleep awake,  
The sole possession of me take,  
From midnight terrors me secure,  
And guard my heart from thoughts impure.

2 Bleſſ'd angels, while we silent lie,  
You hallelujah's sing on high ;  
You joyful hymn the Ever-bleſſed,  
Before the throne, and never rest.

3 I with your choir celestial join,  
In offering up a hymn divine ;  
With you in heaven I hope to dwell,  
And bid the night and world farewell.

My

4 My soul, when I shake off this dust,  
Lord, in thy arms I will intrust :  
O make me thy peculiar care,  
Some mansion for my soul prepare !

5 Give me a place at thy saints feet,  
*But near thy throne O fix my seat :*  
I'll strive to sing as loud as they  
Who sit above in brighter day.

6 O may I always ready stand,  
With my lamp burning in my hand ;  
May I in sight of heaven rejoice,  
Whene'er I hear the bridegroom's voice.

7 All praise to thee, in light array'd,  
Who light thy dwelling-place has made ;  
A boundless ocean of bright beams  
From thy all-glorious Godhead streams.

8 The sun in its meridian height  
Is very darkness in thy sight :  
My soul O lighten, and inflame  
With thought and love of thy great name !

9 Bleſſ'd Jesu, thou on heav'n intent,  
Whole nights haſt in devotion ſpent ;  
But I, frail creature, ſoon am tir'd ;  
And all my zeal is ſoon expir'd.

10 My soul, how canſt thou weary grow  
Of antedating bliss below,  
In ſacred hymns, and heavenly love,  
Which will eternal be above ?

11 Shine on me, Lord ! new life impart,  
Fresh ardors kindle in my heart ;  
One ray of thy all-quick'ning light  
Dispels the ſloth, and clouds of night.

12 Lord, lest the tempter me surprize,  
Watch over thine own sacrifice ;  
All loose, all idle thoughts cast out,  
And make my very dreams devout.

13 Praise GOD, from whom all blessings flow,  
Praise him all creatures here below ;  
Praise him above, ye heav'nly host,  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Bp. KEN.

IV. *Another MIDNIGHT HYMN.*

**T**O thee, all-glorious, ever-blessed Pow'r,  
I consecrate this silent midnight hour.  
While solemn darkness covers o'er the sky,  
And all things wrapt in gentle slumbers lie,  
Unwearied let me praise thy holy name,  
And every thought with gratitude inflame,  
For the rich mercies which thy hands impart,  
Health to my flesh, and comfort to my heart.  
O may my prayers before thy throne arise,  
An humble, but accepted sacrifice !  
And when thou shalt my weary eye-lids close,  
And to my body grant a soft repose,  
May my ethereal Guardian kindly spread  
His wings, and from the tempter screen my head !  
Grant of celestial light some piercing beams,  
To bless my sleep, and sanctify my dreams.

V. *The CHRISTIAN'S DYING-HOPE.*

**W**HEN faint, and sinking to the shades of death,  
I gasp with pain for every lab'ring breath,  
O may my soul by some blest foretaste know,  
That she's deliver'd from eternal woe !  
May hope in Christ dispel each gloomy fear !  
And thoughts like these my drooping spirits cheer !  
What tho' my sins are of a crimson stain,  
My Saviour's blood can wash me white again ;

*A collection of hymns.*

Tho' num'rous as the twinkling stars they be,  
Or sands along the margin of the sea,  
Or as smooth pebbles on some beathy shore,  
The mercies of th' Almighty still are more:  
He looks upon my soul with pitying eyes,  
Sees all my fears, and listens to my cries.

He knows the frailty of each human breast,  
What passions our unguarded hearts molest;  
And for the sake of his dear dying son,  
Will pardon all the ills that I have done:  
Arm'd with so bright a hope I shall not fear  
To see my death hourly approach more near;  
But my faith strength'ning as my life decays,  
My dying breath shall mount to heaven in praise.

**VI. A HYMN of PRAISE to GOD.**

- 1 **T**HE glorious armies of the sky  
To thee, O mighty King,  
Triumphant anthems consecrate,  
And Allelujahs sing.
- 2 But still their most exalted flights  
Fall vastly short of thee;  
How distant then must human praise  
From thy perfection be!
- 3 Yet how, my GOD, shall I refrain,  
When to my ravish'd sense  
Each creature, in their various ways,  
Display thy excellence.
- 4 The active lights that shine above,  
In their eternal dance,  
Reveal their skilful Maker's praise  
In silent elegance.
- 5 Thy numerous works exalt thee thus,  
And shall I silent be?  
No, rather let me cease to breathe,  
Than cease from praising thee.

**H Y M N VII.****Thanksgiving for GOD's particular Providence.**

1 **W**HEN all thy mercies, O my GOD,  
My rising soul surveys,  
Transported with the view, I'm lost  
In wonder, love and praise :

2 O how shall words, with equal warmth,  
The gratitude declare  
That glows within my ravish'd heart !  
But thou canst read it there.

3 Thy providence my life sustain'd,  
And all my wants redrest,  
When in the silent womb I lay,  
And hung upon the breast.

4 To all my weak complaints and cries  
Thy mercy lent an ear,  
'Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learnt  
To form themselves in pray'r.

5 Unnumber'd comforts to my soul  
Thy tender care bestow'd,  
Before my infant-heart conceiv'd  
From whom those comforts flow'd.

6 When in the slipp'ry paths of youth  
With heedless steps I ran,  
Thine arm unseen convey'd me safe,  
And led me up to man.

7 Thro' hidden dangers, toils, and deaths,  
It gently clear'd my way,  
And thro' the pleasing snares of vice,  
More to be fear'd than they.

When

8 When worn with sickness, oft hast thou  
With health renew'd my face,  
And when in sins and sorrows sunk,  
Reviv'd my soul with grace.

9 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts  
My daily thanks employ,  
Nor is the least a cheerful heart  
That tastes those gifts with joy.

10 Thro' ev'ry period of my life  
Thy goodness I'll pursue,  
And after death, in distant worlds,  
The glorious theme renew.

11 When nature fails, and day and night  
Divide thy works no more,  
My ever-grateful heart, O Lord,  
Thy mercy shall adore.

12 Thro' all eternity to thee  
A joyful song I'll raise;  
But Oh ! eternity's too short  
To utter all thy praise.

Mr. ADDISON

**VIII. A Christian's Treasure:**All things are yours. *1 Cor. iii. 22.*

**H**OW vast the treasure we possess !  
How rich thy bounty, King of grace !  
This world is ours, and worlds to come ;  
Earth is our lodge, and heav'n our home.

2 The springing corn, the stately wood,  
Grow to provide us house and food :  
Fire, air, earth, water, join their force ;  
All nature serves us in her course.

3 The sun rows round to make our day,  
The moon directs our nightly way ;  
While angels bear us in their arms,  
And shield us from ten thousand harms.

4 O glorious portion of the saints !  
Let faith suppress our sore complaints,  
And tune our hearts, and tongue to sing  
Our bounteous GOD, our Sovereign King.

Dr. WATTS.

### IX. All things working for good.

1 **M**Y soul, survey thy happiness,  
If thou art found a child of grace,  
How richly is the gospel stor'd !  
What joy the promises afford !

2 *All things are ours, the gift of GOD,*  
And purchas'd with our Saviour's blood,  
While the good Spirit shews us how  
To use, and to enjoy them too.

3 If health, and plenty, crown my days,  
They help me, Lord, to speak thy praise :  
If bread of sorrows be my food,  
Those sorrows work my real good.

4 I would not change my blest estate  
With what the world calls rich, and great :  
And while my faith can keep her hold,  
I envy not the finner's gold.

5 Father, I wait thy daily will,  
Thou shalt divide my portion still :  
Grant me on earth what seems thee best,  
'Till death, and heaven reveal the rest !

Dr. WATTS.

**X. A HYMN of PRAISE.**

**P**arent of all created things,  
From whom this scene of nature springs,  
Supreme paternal Deity,  
The whole creation bows to thee.

- 2 To thee the holy angels cry,  
With all the glorious pow'rs on high;  
Th' adorning choirs of cherubim,  
Thy throne with hallelujahs hymn.
- 3 Most holy, holy, holy Lord,  
By all the heav'nly hosts ador'd,  
Heaven and earth, and air and sea,  
Are fill'd with thy impenitency.
- 4 The bless'd apostles of thy Son  
Cast down their crowns before thy throne,  
And with one voice ascribe to thee  
Glory, and strength, and majesty.
- 5 Th' extatic prophets, in thy praise,  
Their most exalted voices raise;  
The martyr'd saints, a noble race,  
Resound the triumphs of thy grace.
- 6 Do thou thy church on earth inspire  
With true devotion's sacred fire,  
That thy great name, most glorious Lord,  
May be in heav'n and earth ador'd.

**PART II.**

- 1 **T**O CHRIST, our glorious king, belongs  
Immortal praise, and endless songs;  
Who to advance our race on high,  
Submitted to be born, and die.

2 By conqu'ring death, victorious Lord,  
Thou hast left paradise restor'd ;  
And now the heavenly kingdom lies  
Unveil'd to the beholders eyes.

3 Thou art at GOD's right-hand enthron'd,  
And with thy Father's glory crown'd ;  
From thence in awful pomp shall come,  
At the tremendous day of doom.

4 Vouchsafe us then, great judge, to stand  
Among the just at thy right-hand ;  
Thou hast redeem'd us with thy blood ;  
O make us kings, and priests to GOD.

5 Shield us with thy protecting grace,  
And crown our future days with peace ;  
Then shall our tongues thy praise proclaim,  
And spread the glories of thy name.

6 Keep us this day unstain'd with sin,  
At night let all be calm within ;  
On us with beams of mercy shine,  
For we by solemn vows are thine.

*On the Omnipresence of the Deity.*

1 **O** Thou exalted o'er all heights !  
Thou equal GOD all depths below !  
O Guide—O Guard—for in thy sight  
The Lines should tremble, as they flow..

2 Bold shall my fancy stretch her wing,  
And distant leave the ray of morn,  
To chaos sink—that pow'r to sing  
That broods o'er empires yet unborn.

3 Deep should I pierce the shades of night,  
To shun the terrors of thy nod ;  
Vast my surprise—but vain my flight—  
New suns blaze dreadful round their GOD.

4 High should my thought attempt the sky,  
And dare to look where angels stray ;  
The blaze of Heav'n is but thine eye,  
Wide open with eternal day.

5 Ah learn ye mortals—learn to fly—  
The realms where guilt and vengeance dwell :—  
There flame broad lightnings from his eye,  
And every glance wide pours an hell.

6 When vice allures behind her screen,  
And bids the youth in safety dare—  
By Sires and Seraphs tho' unseen,  
Ah tremble—for a GOD is there.

*The pleasures of a well regulated family.*

IT IS like the house of GOD to see  
The house of man in harmony ;  
All happy scene !—their mutual cares  
Move like the musick of the spheres.  
The same their aim—the same their road,  
And hand in hand they walk to GOD.  
With early joy the morning ray  
Awakes their prayers and points the way—  
The evening bell their thanks repays  
And days of pleasure end in praise :—  
Each crime confess, each fault forgiven,  
They shelter in the arms of Heav'n ;  
Secure they rest beneath his eye  
Indifferent—or to sleep—or die.

See the fond youth obedient stand,  
Thankful to wait their Sire's command,  
In blooming rose around him gaze,  
And hear and lisp their Maker's praise.  
The way to Heav'n with ease they find—  
Their lesson is their parents mind—  
Their parents—partners of a love,  
But born on earth to live above.

The father's arm protects their fears, blood nigh  
 The mother smiles away their cares, or smile birth  
 No jealous pain the breast can rend, asgo hiW  
 That in a brother finds a friend.  
 If life's black cares the soul oppres,  
 They share the pain to make it less, less less  
 But swift their mutual joys they join, join join  
 And make the blis of earth—divine.  
 To Heav'n they need not wish to rise,  
 Heav'n stoops to meet them from the skies,  
 Their's, their's the joys that charm above—A  
 For what is Heav'n ? but PEACE and LOVE.

\* *The soul drawing near to GOD in prayer.*

- 1 **M**Y GOD, I bow before thy feet,  
   When shall my soul get near thy seat ?  
   When shall I see thy glorious face,  
   With mingled majesty and grace ?
- 2 How shall I love Thee, and adore,  
   With hopes and joys unknown before ?  
   And bid this trifling world be gone,  
   Nor teize my heart so near thy throne ?
- 3 Creatures with all their charms should fly  
   The presence of a GOD so nigh :  
   My darling sins should lose their name,  
   And grow my hatred and my shame.
- 4 My soul should pour out all her cares,  
   In flowing words, or flowing tears ;  
   Thy smiles would ease my sharpest pain,  
   Nor should I seek my GOD in vain.

*Flesh and Spirit ; or, the principles of sin and holiness. Rom. viii. 1.*

- 1 **W**HAT vain desires, and passions vain,  
   Attend this mortal clay !

\* This and the following Hymns from Dr. WATER.

Off

Oft have they pierc'd my soul with pain,  
And drawn my heart astray.

2 How have I wander'd from my GOD,  
And following sin, and shame,

In this vile world of flesh and blood  
Defil'd my nobler frame !

3 For ever blessed be thy grace

That form'd my spirit new,  
And made it of an Heaven-born race

Thy glory to pursue.

4 My spirit holds perpetual war,

And wrestles and complains,

And views the happy moment near,

That shall dissolve its chains.

5 Cheerful in death I close my eyes,

To part with every lust ;

And charge my flesh, when e'er it rise,

To leave them in the dust.

6 How would my purer spirit fear

To put this body on,

If its old tempting powers were there ;

Nor lusts nor passions gone !

*A lovely youth perishing in sin, Mark x.*

21, &c.

1 **M**UST all the charms of nature then,  
So hopeless to salvation prove ?  
Can hell demand, can heaven condemn  
The man whom Jesus deigns to love ?

2 The man who sought the ways of truth,  
Paid friends and neighbours all their due ;  
(A modest, sober, lovely youth)  
And thought he wanted nothing now ?

But

3 But mark the change: thus spake the Lord,  
*Come part with earth for heaven to-day:*  
 The youth astonish'd at the word,  
 In silent sadness went his way.

4 Poor virtues, that he boasted of,  
 This test unable to endure,  
 Let *Christ*, and grace, and glory go,  
 To make his land and money sure!

5 Ah foolish choice of treasures here!  
 Ah fatal love of tempting gold!  
 Must this base world be bought so dear?  
 And life and heaven so cheaply sold?

6 In vain the charms of nature shine,  
 If this vile passion governs me:  
 Transform my soul, O love divine,  
 And make me part with all for Thee.

*The hidden life of a Christian. Col. iii. 3.*

1 **O** Happy soul that lives on high  
 While men lie groveling here!  
 His hopes are fix'd above the sky,  
 And faith forbids his fear.

2 His conscience knows no secret stings,  
 While grace, and joy combine  
 To form a life, whose holy springs  
 Are hidden, and divine.

3 He waits in secret on his GOD;  
 His GOD in secret sees:  
 Let earth be all in arms abroad,  
 He dwells in heavenly peace.

4 His pleasures rise from things unseen,  
 Beyond this world and time,  
 Where neither eyes, nor ears have been,  
 Nor thoughts of mortals climb.

5 He wants no pomp, nor royal throne  
To raise his figure here;  
Content and pleas'd to live unknown  
Till *Christ* his life appear.

6 He looks to heaven's eternal hills,  
To meet that glorious day;  
Dear Lord, how slow thy chariot-wheels!  
How long is thy delay!

*Appearance before GOD here and hereafter.*

**P S A L M X L I I . 2 .**

1 **W**HILE I am banish'd from thy house,  
I mourn in secret, Lord:  
" When shall I come and pay my vows,  
" And hear thy holy word?

2 So while I dwell in bonds of clay,  
Methinks my soul should groan,  
" When shall I wing my heavenly way,  
" And stand before thy throne?

3 I love to see my Lord below,  
His church displays his grace;  
But upper worlds his glory know,  
And view him face to face.

4 I love to worship at his feet  
Tho' sin assaults me there;  
But saints exalted near his seat,  
Have no assaults to fear.

5 I'm pleas'd to meet him in his court,  
And taste his heavenly love;  
But still I think his visits short,  
Or I too soon remove.

6 He shines and I am all delight;  
He hides, and all is pain:  
When will he fix me in his sight,  
And ne'er depart again?

Some labor ion, and on sinne, all

## A rational defence of the gospel.

- 1 **S**HALL *At*heists dare insult the crois,  
Of our Redeemer-GOD?  
Shall *In*fidels reproach his laws,  
Or trample on his blood?
- 2 What if he chuse mysterious ways  
To cleanse us from our faults?  
May not the works of sovereign grace  
Transcend our feeble thoughts?
- 3 What if his gospel bids us fight  
With flesh, and self, and sin?  
The prize is most divinely bright,  
Which we are call'd to win.
- 4 What if the foolish and the poor  
His glorious grace partake?  
This but confirms his truth the more,  
For so the prophets spake.
- 5 Do some that own his sacred name,  
Indulge their souls in sin?  
Jesus should never bear the blame,  
His laws are pure and clean.
- 6 Then let our faith grow firm and strong,  
Our lips profess his word;  
Nor blush nor fear to walk among  
The men that love the Lord.

## None excluded from hope.

- 1 **J**ESUS, thy blessings are not few,  
Nor is thy gospel weak:  
Thy grace can melt the stubborn Jew,  
And heal the dying Greek.

Wide

2 Wide as the reach of Satan's rage,  
Doth thy salvation flow :  
'Tis not confin'd to sex or age,  
The lofty or the low.

3 While grace is offer'd to the prince,  
The poor may take their share :  
No mortal has a just pretence,  
To perish in despair.

4 Be wise, ye men of strength and wit,  
Nor boast your native powers ;  
But to his sovereign grace submit,  
And glory shall be yours.

5 Come, all ye vilest sinners, come,  
He'll form your souls anew :  
His gospel and his heart have room  
For rebels, such as you.

6 His doctrine is almighty love ;  
There's virtue in his name,  
To turn the raven to a dove,  
The lion to a lamb.

*Truth and sincerity.*

1 **L**ET those who bear the *Christian* name  
Their holy vows fulfil :  
The saints, the followers of the lamb,  
Are men of honour still.

2 True to the solemn oaths they take,  
Tho' to their hurt they swear :  
Constant and just to all they speak,  
For GOD and angels hear.

3 Still with their lips their hearts agree,  
Nor flattering words devise :  
They know the GOD of truth can see  
Thro' every false disguise.

*They*

4 They hate th' appearance of a lye,  
In all the shapes it wears ;  
Firm to the truth ; and when they die,  
Eternal life is theirs.

5 Lo ! from afar the Lord descends,  
And brings the judgment down ;  
He bids his saints, his faithful friends,  
Rise and possess their crown.

6 While *Satan* trembles at the sight,  
And devils wish to die,  
Where will the faithless hypocrite,  
And guilty lyar fly ?

### *Faithfulness.*

1 **H**AETH GOD been faithful to his word,  
And sent to men the promis'd grace ?  
Shall I not imitate the Lord,  
And practise what my lips profess ?

2 Hath *Christ* fulfill'd his kind design,  
The dreadful work he undertook,  
And dy'd to make salvation mine,  
And well perform'd whate'er he spoke ?

3 Doth not his faithfulness afford  
A noble theme to raise my song ?  
And shall I dare to break my word,  
Or utter falsehood with my tongue ?

4 My king, my favour, and my GOD ;  
Let grace my sinful soul renew,  
Wash my offences with thy blood,  
And make my heart sincere and true.

### *Gravity and Decency.*

5 **A**RE we not sons and heirs of GOD ?  
**A**re we not bought with *Jesus* blood ?

1 Do we not hope for heavenly joys,  
And shall we stoop to trifling toys?

2 Can laughter feed th' immortal mind?  
Were spirits of celestial kind  
Made for a jest, for sport and play,  
To wear out time and waste the day?

3 Doth vain discourse or empty mirth  
Well suit the honours of our birth?  
Shall we be fond of gay attire,  
Which children love, and fools admire?

4 What if we wear the richest vest,  
Peacocks and flies are better drest:  
This flesh with all its gaudy forms  
Must drop to dust and feed the worms.

5 Lord, raise our hearts and passions higher;  
Touch our vain souls with sacred fire;  
Then with an elevated eye  
We'll pass these glittering trifles by.

6 We'll look on all the toys below  
With such disdain as angels do,  
And wait the call that bids us rise  
To promis'd mansions in the skies.

*Justice and equity.*

1 COME, let us search our ways, and try,  
Have they been just and right?  
Is the great rule of equity  
Our practice and delight?

2 What we would have our neighbour do,  
Have we still done the same?  
And ne'er delay'd to pay his due,  
Nor injur'd his good name?

3 Do we relieve the poor distress'd ?  
 Nor give our tongues a loose,  
 To make their names our scorn and jest,  
 'Nor treat them with abuse ?

4 Have we not found our envy grow,  
 To hear another's praise ?  
 Nor robb'd him of his honour due  
 By fly malitious ways.

5 In all we sell, and all we buy,  
 Is justice our design ?  
 Do we remember GOD is nigh,  
 And fear the wrath divine ?

6 In vain we talk of *Jesus'* blood,  
 And boast his name in vain,  
 If we can slight the laws of GOD,  
 And prove unjust to men.

*Justice and truth.*

1 **G**REAT GOD, thy holy law requires,  
 To curb our covetous desires,  
 Forbids to plunder, steal or cheat,  
 To practise falsehood or deceit.

2 Thy son hath set a pattern too,  
 He paid to GOD and men their due :  
 A dreadful debt he paid to GOD,  
 And bought our pardon with his blood.

3 Amazing Justice ! boundless love !  
 Do we not feel our passions move ?  
 Do we not grieve that we have been  
 Faithless to GOD, or false to men ?

4 Have we no righteous debt deny'd,  
 Thro' wanton, luxury or pride ?  
 Nor vext the poor with long delay,  
 And made them groan for want of pay ?

Have

5 Have we ne'er thrown a needless shame,  
Or scandal on our neighbour's name,  
O happy men, whose age and youth  
Have ever dealt in love and truth !

6 But if our justice once be gone,  
And leave our faith and hope alone ;  
If honesty be banish'd hence,  
Religion is a vain pretence.

Temperance.

1 Is it a man's divinest good,  
To make his soul a slave to food,  
Vile as the beast, whose spirit dies,  
And has no hope above the skies ?

2 Can meats or choicest wines procure  
Delights that ever shall endure ?  
Was I not born above the swine,  
And shall I make their pleasures mine ?

3 Am I not made for nobler things ?  
Made to ascend on angels wings ?  
Shall my best powers be thus debas'd,  
And part with heaven to please my taste ?

4 Can I forget the fatal deed,  
How *Eve* brought death on all her seed ?  
She tasted the forbidden tree,  
Anger'd her *GOD*, and ruin'd me.

5 Was life design'd alone to eat,  
What is the mouth, or what the meat ?  
Both from the ground derive their birth,  
And both shall mix with common earth.

6 Great *GOD*, new-mould my sensual mind,  
And let my joys be more refin'd ;  
Raise me to dwell among the blest,  
And fit me for thy heavenly feast.

*A lovely carriage.*

- 1 **O** 'Tis a lovely thing to see  
A man of prudent heart,  
Whose thoughts, and lips, and life agree  
To act a useful part.
- 2 When envy, strife and wars begin  
In little angry souls,  
Mark how the sons of peace come in,  
And quench the kindling coals.
- 3 Their minds are humble, mild and meek,  
Nor let their fury rise :  
Nor passion moves their lips to speak,  
Nor pride exalts their eyes.
- 4 Their frame is prudence mixt with love ;  
Good works fulfil their day ;  
They join the serpent with the dove,  
But cast the sting away.
- 5 Such was the Saviour of mankind,  
Such pleasures he pursu'd,  
His flesh and blood were all refin'd,  
His soul divinely good.
- 6 Lord, can these plants of virtue grow,  
In such a soul as mine ?  
Thy grace can form my nature so,  
And make my heart like thine.

*Courage and honour.*

- 3 **D**O I believe what Jesus faith,  
And think his gospel true ?  
Lord, make me bold to own my Faith,  
And practise virtue too.

- 2 Suppress my shame, subdue my fear,  
    Arm me with heavenly zeal,  
That I may make thy power appear,  
    And works of praise fulfil.
- 3 If men shall see my virtue shine,  
    And spread my name abroad,  
Thine is the power, the praise is thine,  
    My Saviour and my GOD.
- 4 Thus when the saints in glory meet,  
    Their lips proclaim thy grace,  
They cast their honours at thy feet,  
    And own their borrow'd rays.

*An Extract from Mr. Pope's MESSIAH.**A SACRED ECLOGUE,  
In Imitation of VIRGIL'S POLLIO.*

—**O** Thou my voice inspire,  
Who touch'd *Isaiah's* hallow'd lips with fire !

Rapt into future times, the bard begun,  
A Virgin shall conceive, a Virgin bear a Son !  
Swift fly the years, and rise th' expected morn !  
Oh spring to light, auspicious babe, be born !  
Hark ! a glad voice the lonely desert chears,  
Prepare the \* way ! a GOD, a GOD appears !  
A GOD, a GOD the vocal hills reply,  
The rocks proclaim th' approaching DEITY.  
Lo ! Earth receives Him from the bending skies :  
Sink down, ye mountains, and ye valleys, rise !  
With heads declin'd, ye cedars, homage pay !  
Be smooth, ye rocks, ye rapid floods give way !  
The Saviour comes by ancient bards foretold ;  
Hear + Him, ye deaf, and all ye blind, behold !  
The dumb shall sing, the lame his crutch forego,  
And leap exulting like the bounding roe.

\* *Isaiah xi. 3, 4.*

+ *xliii. 18; xxv. 5, 6.*

No sigh, no murmur the wide world shall hear,  
 From ev'ry face he wipes off ev'ry tear.  
 As the good \* Shepherd tends his fleecy care,  
 Seeks freshest pasture, and the purest air,  
 Explores the lost, the wand'ring sheep directs,  
 By day o'ersees them, and by night protects ;  
 The tender lambs he raises in his arms,  
 Feeds from his hand, and in his bosom warms :  
 Thus shall mankind his guardian care engage,  
 The promis'd † Father of the future age.  
 No more shall || nation against nation rise,  
 Or ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes,  
 Or fields with gleaming steel be cover'd o'er,  
 The brazen trumpet kindles rage no more ;  
 But useless lances into scythes shall bend,  
 And the broad faulchion in a plow-share end.  
 The swain in barren § deserts with surprise  
 See lillies spring, and sudden verdure rise,  
 And starts amidst the thirsty wilds to hear  
 New falls of water murmur ring in his ear.  
 On rifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes,  
 The green reed tumbles, and the bulrush nods.  
 Waste sandy ¶ valleys, once perplex'd with thorn,  
 The spiry firr, and shapely box adorn ;  
 To leafless shrubs the flow'ring palms succeed,  
 And od'rous myrtle to the noisome weed.  
 The \* lambs with wolves shall graze the verdant mead,  
 And boys in flow'ry bands the tyger lead ;  
 The steer and lion at one crib shall meet,  
 And harmless † serpents lick the pilgrim's feet.  
 Rise, crown'd with light, imperial || Salem, rise !  
 Exalt thy tow'ry head, and lift thy eyes !  
 See barbarous § nations at thy gates attend,  
 Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend.  
 See Heaven its sparkling portals wide display  
 And break upon thee in a flood of a day !  
 No more the rising † sun shall gild the morn,  
 Nor ev'ning *Cynthia* fill her silver horn,

\* xl. 11.      † ix. 6.      || ii. 4.      § xxxv. 1, 7.  
 ¶ xli. 19, and iv. 33.      \* xi. 6, 7, 8.      ¶ lxv. 25.      || lx. 2.  
 § x. 3.      ¶ lx. 19, 20.

But

But lost dissolv'd in thy superior rays,  
One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze  
O'erflow thy courts : The Light himself shall shine  
Reveal'd, and GOD's eternal day be thine !  
The \* seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay ;  
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away ;  
But fix'd his word, his saving pow'r remains ;  
Thy realm for ever lasts, thy own MESSIAH reigns !

*Holy fortitude.*

- 1 **A** M I a soldier of the cross,  
A Follower of the Lamb ?  
And shall I fear to own his cause,  
Or blush to speak his name ?
- 2 Must I be carried to the skies  
On flow'ry beds of ease ;  
While others fought to win the prize,  
And sail'd thro' bloody seas ?
- 3 Are there no foes for me to face ?  
Must I not stem the flood ?  
Is this vile world a friend to grace,  
To help me on to GOD ?
- 4 Sure I must fight if I would reign :  
Increase my courage, Lord :  
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,  
Supported by thy word.
- 5 Thy saints in all this glorious war  
Shall conquer tho' they die ;  
They see the triumph from afar,  
And seize it with their eye.
- 6 When that illustrious day shall rise,  
And all thy armies shine  
In robes of victory thro' the skies,  
The glory shall be thine.

\* li. 6. and liv. 10.

*The*

## The universal law of equity. Mat. vii. 12.

- 1 **B**lessed Redeemer, how divine,  
How righteous is this rule of thine,  
*Never to deal with others worse*  
*Than we would have them deal with us!*
- 2 This golden lesson short and plain,  
Gives nor the mind nor memory pain :  
And every conscience must approve  
This universal law of love.
- 3 'Tis written in each mortal breast,  
Where all our tenderest wishes rest :  
We draw it from our inmost veins,  
Where love to self resides, and reigns.
- 4 Is reason ever at a loss ?  
Call in self-love to judge the cause.  
Let our own fondest passion shew  
How we should treat our neighbours too.
- 5 How blest would every nation prove,  
Thus rul'd by equity and love !  
All would be friends without a foe,  
And form a paradise below.
- 6 Jesus, forgive us that we keep  
Thy sacred law of love asleep ;  
And take our envy, wrath, and pride,  
Those savage passions for our guide.

## Faith and repentance encourag'd by the sacrifice of CHRIST.

- 1 **W**HERE shall the guilty conscience go  
To find a sure relief ?  
Can bleeding bulls, or goats bestow  
A balm to ease my grief ?

Will

- 2 Will popish rites and penances  
Release my soul from sin?  
What insufficient things are these  
To calm the wrath divine!
- 3 GOD, the great GOD, who rules the skies,  
The gracious and the just,  
Makes his own son our sacrifice:  
And there lies all our trust.
- 4 O never let my thoughts renounce  
The Gospel of my GOD,  
Where vilest crimes are cleans'd at once  
In CHRIST's atoning blood.
- 5 Here rest my faith, and ne'er remove;  
Here let repentance rise,  
While I behold his bleeding love,  
His dying agonies.
- 6 With shame and sorrow here I own  
How great my guilt hath been:  
This is my way t' approach the throne,  
And GOD forgives my sin.

*The privilege of the living above the dead.*

- 1 **A** WAKE my zeal, awake my love,  
And serve my Saviour here below,  
In works which all the saints above,  
Which holy angels cannot do.
- 2 My faith and hope may see the Lord,  
Tho' veils of darkness lie between:  
Hope shall rest firm upon his word,  
And faith rejoice in things unseen.
- 3 Awake my charity, and feed  
The hungry soul; and clothe the poor:  
In heav'n are found no soots of need,  
There all these duties are no more.

4 Subdue thy passions, O my soul,  
Maintain the fight, thy work pursue,  
Daily thy rising suns controul,  
And be thy vict'ries ever new.

5 The land of triumph lies on high,  
There are no fields of battle there,  
Lord, I would conquer till I die,  
And finish all the glorious war.

6 Let every flying hour confess  
I gain thy gospel fresh renown,  
And when my life, and labours cease,  
May I possess the promis'd crown.

*Crucifixion to the world by the cross of  
CHRIST. Gal. vi. 14.*

1 **W**HEN I survey the wond'rous cross  
On which the Prince of glory dy'd,  
My richest gain I count but loss,  
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I shold boast,  
Save in the death of CHRIST my GOD:  
All the vain things that charm'd me most,  
I sacrifice them to his blood.

3 See from his head, his hands, his feet,  
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!  
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet?  
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,  
That were a present far too small:  
Love so amazing, so divine,  
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

A N

## EXTRACT

FROM

Dr. YOUNG's NIGHT-THOUGHTS.

NIGHT the FIRST.

\*THE bell strikes *one*: We take no note of time,  
 But from its loss. To give it then a tongue,  
 Is wife in man. As if an angel spoke,  
 I feel the solemn sound. If heard aright,  
 It is the *hell* of my departed hours;  
 Where are they? with the years beyond the flood;  
 It is the *signal* that demands dispatch;  
 How much is to be done? my hopes and fears  
 Start up alarm'd, and o'er life's narrow verge  
 Look down—on what? a fathomless *Abyss*;  
 A dread eternity! how surely *mine*!  
 And can eternity belong to me,  
 Poor pensioner on the bounties of an hour?  
 By nature's law, what may be, may be *now*:  
 There's no prerogative in human hours:  
 In human hearts what bolder thought can rise,  
 Than man's presumption on to-morrow's dawn?  
 Where is to-morrow? In another world.

Not even *Philander* had bespoke his shroud;  
 Nor had he cause, a warning was deny'd;  
 How many fall as sudden, not as safe?

\* It is hop'd that these extracts from this great author will  
 be so far from any prejudice to the sale of this beautiful piece,  
 that it may be justly imagin'd—those who only see these de-  
 tachments, will not think themselves happy, till they have seen  
 the original poem in its perfection.

\* M

An

A N

E X T R A C T

M O D

F R O M

N I G H T the S E C O N D.

T A R I X E S I T H I G H

O N

T I M E, D E A T H, F R I E N D S H I P.

**W**Here is that thrift, that avarice of TIME,  
(O glorious avarice !) thought of death inspires,  
As rumour'd robberies endear our gold ?  
O time ! than gold more sacred ; more a load  
Than lead, to fools ; and fools reputed wise.  
What moment granted man without account ?  
What years are squander'd, wisdom's debt unpaid ?  
Our wealth in days all due to that discharge.  
Haste, haste, he lies in wait, he's at the door,  
Insidious death ! should his strong hand arrest,  
No composition sets the prisoner free.  
Eternity's inexorable chain  
Fait binds ; and vengeance claims the full arrear.

---

And yet, alas !

Thou think'st it folly to be wise too soon !  
Youth is not rich in time ; it may be, poor :  
Part with it as with money, sparing ; pay  
No moment, but in purchase of its worth :  
And what its worth, ask death-beds, they can tell.  
Is this our duty, wisdom, glory, gain ?  
(These heaven benign in vital union binds)  
And sport we like the natives of the bough,

When

When vernal suns inspire ; amusement reigns  
Man's great demand : To trifle is to live :  
And is it then a trifle, too, to die ?—  
Thou say'st I preach, \* *Lorenzo ! 'tis confess.*  
What, if for once, I preach thee quite *awake* ?  
Who wants amusement in the flame of battle ?  
Is it not treason, to the soul immortal,  
Her foes in arms, eternity the prize ?  
Will toys amuse, when med'cines cannot cure ?  
When spirits ebb, when life's enchanting scenes  
Their lustre lose, and lessen in our sight,  
Will toys amuse ?—No : Thrones will then be toys,  
And earth and skies seem dust upon the scale.

Redeem we time ?—its loss we dearly buy :  
What pleads *Lorenzo* for his high-priz'd sports ?  
He pleads time's numerous *blanks* ; he loudly pleads  
The straw-like *trifles* on life's common stream.  
From whom those *blanks* and *trifles*, but from thee ?  
No *blank*, no *trifle* nature made, or meant.  
Virtue, or purpos'd virtue still be thine ;  
*This* cancels thy complaint at once ; this leaves  
In *all* no trifle, and no *blank* in time.  
*This* greatens, fills, immortalizes all :  
*This*, the blest art of turning all to gold ;  
*This*, the good heart's prerogative to raise  
A royal tribute, from the poorest hours.  
Immense revenue ! every moment pays.  
If nothing more than *purpose* in thy power,  
Thy purpose firm, is equal to the deed :  
Who does the best his circumstance allows,  
Does well, acts nobly ; angels could no more.  
Our outward act, indeed, admits restraint ;  
'Tis not in things o'er thought to domineer ;  
Guard well thy thought ; our thoughts are heard in heaven.

On all-important *time*, through every age, [ven.  
Tho' much, and warm, the wife have urg'd ; the man  
Is yet unborn, who duly weighs an hour.

“ I've lost a day”—the prince who nobly cry'd,  
Had been an emperor without his crown ;  
Of *Rome* ? say, rather, lord of human race ;

\* *Lorenzo* is the character of a thoughtless youth, or gay libertine.

He spoke, as if deputed by mankind,  
So should all speak: so reason speaks in all:  
From the soft whispers of that God in man,  
Why fly to folly, why to frenzy fly,  
For rescue from the *blessing* we possess?  
*Time*, the supreme! — *Time* is eternity;  
Pregnant with all eternity can give;  
Pregnant with all, that makes arch-angels smile:  
Who murders time, he crushes in the birth  
A pow'r ethereal, only not ador'd.

Ah! how unjust to nature, and himself,  
Is thoughtless, thankless, inconsistent man?  
Like children babbling nonsense in their sports,  
We censure nature for a span too short;  
That span too short, we tax as tedious too;  
Torture invention, all expedients tire,  
To lash the ling'ring moments into speed;  
And whirl us (happy riddance!) from ourselves.  
*Art*, brainless *art*! our furious charioteer  
Drives headlong towards the precipice of death;  
Death, most our dread; death *thus* more dreadful  
O what a riddle of absurdity!  
*Leisure* is pain; takes off our chariot-wheels,  
How heavily we drag the load of life?  
Yet when *death* kindly tenders us relief,  
We call him cruel; years to moments shrink,  
Ages to years. The telescope is turn'd:  
*Time*, in advance, behind him hides his wings,  
And seems to creep, decrepit with his age;  
Behold him, when past by; what then is seen  
But his broad pinions swifter than the winds?  
And all mankind, in contradiction strong,  
Ruefull, aghast, cry out on his career.  
We throw away our suns, as made for sport,  
And not to light us, on our way to scenes  
Whose lustre turns *their* lustre into shade.  
We *waste*, not *use* our time: we breathe, not live.  
Time wasted is existence, us'd is life.  
*Life* we think long, and short; *death* seek, and shun;  
Body and soul, like peevish man and wife,  
United jar, and yet are loath to part.  
Oh the dark days of vanity! while here,

How

How tasteless? and how terrible, when gone?  
 Gone? they ne'er go; when past, they haunt us still;  
 The spirit walks of ev'ry day deceas'd,  
 And smiles an angel; or a fury frowns.  
 Nor death, nor life delight us. If time pass,  
 And time possesst, both pain us, what can please?  
 That which the deity to please ordain'd,  
 Time us'd. The man who consecrates his hours  
 By vigorous effort, and an honest aim,  
 At once he draws the sting of life and death.  
 Why spur the speedy? why with levities  
 New-wing thy short, short day's too rapid flight?  
 Know'st thou, or what thou dost, or what is done?  
 Man flies from time, and time from man: too soon  
 Is sad divorce this double flight must end;  
 And then, where are we? where *Lorenzo?* then,  
 Thy sports? thy pomps?  
 O ye *Lorenzos* of our age! who deem  
 One moment unamus'd, a misery  
 Not made for feeble man! who call aloud  
 For every bawble, drivell'd o'er by sense;  
 For rattles, and conceits of every cast,  
 For change of follies, and relays of joy,  
 To drag you patient through the tedious length  
 Of a short winter's day; say, sages! say,  
 Wit's oracles! say, dreamers of gay dreams!  
 How will you weather an eternal night,  
 Where such expedients fail?

—Q-treacherous conscience! while she seems to sleep;  
 On rose and myrtle, lull'd with syren song;  
 While she seems, nodding o'er her charge, to drop  
 On headlong appetite, the slackned rein,  
 And give us up to licence, unrecall'd,  
 Unmark'd; —as from behind her secret stand,  
 The fly informer minutes every fault,  
 And her dread diary with horror fills:  
 Not the gross *act* alone employs her pen;  
 She reconnoitres fancy's airy band,  
 A watchful foe! the formidably spy,  
 Lift'ning o'erhears the whispers of our camp;  
 Our dawning purposes of heart explores,  
 Unnoted, notes each moment illapply'd;

In leaves more durable than leaves of brass,  
Writes our whole history ; which *death* shall read  
In every pale delinquent's private ear :  
And *judgment* publish ; publish to more worlds  
Than this ; and endless age in groans resound.  
And think'st thou still thou canst be wise too soon ?

But why on *time* so lavish is my song ?  
On this great theme kind *nature* keeps a school,  
To teach her sons herself. Each night we dye,  
Each morn are born anew ; each day, a life !  
And shall we kill each day ? If *trifling* kills ;  
Sure *vice* must butcher. O what heaps of slain  
Cry out for vengeance on us ? *Time* destroy'd  
Is *suicide*, where more than blood is spilt.  
Time flies, death urges, knells call, heaven invites,  
Hell threatens ; all exerts ; in effort, all ;  
More than creation labours ! — labours more ?  
And is there in creation, what, amidst  
This tumult universal, wing'd dispatch,  
And ardent energy, supinely yawns ? —  
*Man* sleeps ; and *man* alone ; and *man*, whose fate,  
Fate irreversible, entire, extreme,  
Endless, hair-hung, breeze-shaken, o'er the gulph  
A moment trembles ; drops : and *man*, for whom  
All else is in alarm : *Man*, the sole cause  
Of this surrounding storm ! and yet he sleeps,  
As the storm rock'd to rest. — Throw years away !  
Throw empires, and be blameless. Moments seize,  
Heaven's on their wing : a moment we may wish  
When worlds want wealth to buy.

*Lorenzo* — O for yesterdays to come !

That more than miracle the Gods indulge :

*To-day* is *yesterday* return'd ; return'd

Full power'd to cancel, expiate, raise, adorn,

And reinstate us on the rock of peace.

Let it not share its predecessor's fate ;

Nor, like its elder sisters, die a fool.

Where shall I find him ? Angels ! tell me where,  
You know him ; he is near you ; point him out ;  
Shall I see glories beaming from his brow ?  
Or trace his footsteps by the rising flow'rs ?  
Your golden wings, now how'ring o'er him shed

Protection ;

Protection ; now, are waving in applause  
To that blest son of foresight ! lord of fate !  
That awful independent on *to-morrow* !  
Whose work is done ; who triumphs in the *past* ;  
Whose *yesterdays* look backwards with a smile ;  
Nor like the *Parthian* wound him as they fly ;  
That common, but opprobrious lot ! past hours  
If not by guilt, yet wound us by their flight,  
If folly bounds our prospect by the *grave* ;  
All feeling of futurity benumb'd ;  
Heart buried in the rubbish of the world.

Who venerate themselves, the world despise.  
For what, gay friend ! is this escutcheon'd world,  
Which hangs out DEATH in one eternal night ?  
A night, that glooms us in the noon-tide ray,  
And wraps our thought, at banquets, in the shroud.  
Life's little stage is a small eminence,  
Inch-high the grave above ; that home of man,  
Where dwells the multitude ; we gaze around,  
We read their monuments ; we sigh ; and while  
We sigh, we fain ; and are what we deplor'd ;  
Lamenting, or lamented all our lot !  
Is death at distance ? No : he has been on thee ;  
And given sure earnest of his final blow.  
Those hours, which lately smil'd, where are they now ?  
Pallid to thought, and ghastly ; drown'd, all drown'd  
In that great deep, which nothing disembogues ;  
And, dying, they bequeath'd thee small renown.  
The rest are on the wing : how fleet their flight !  
Already has the fatal train took fire ;  
A moment, and the world's blown up *to thee* ;  
The sun is darkness, and the stars are dust.

Time passes like a post : we nothing send  
But poor *Bellerophon*'s express ; our doom.  
'Tis greatly wife to talk with our past hours ;  
And ask them, what report they bore to heaven ;  
And how they might have born more welcome news.  
" There's nothing here, but what as nothing weighs ;  
" The more our joy, the more we know it vain ;  
Who knows not this, tho' grey, is still a child.  
Loose then from earth the grasp of fond desire,  
Weigh anchor, and some happier clime explore.

Art thou so moor'd thou canst not disengage,  
 Nor give thy thoughts a ply to future scenes ?  
 Since, by *life's* passing breath, blown up from earth,  
 Light, as the summer's dust, we take in air  
 A moment's giddy flight, and fall again ;  
 Join the dull mists, increase the trodden soil,  
 And sleep till earth herself shall be no more ;  
 Since then (as emmets their small world o'erthrown)  
 We, sore-amaz'd, from out earth's ruins crawl,  
 And rise to fate extreme, of foul or fair,  
 As man's own choice, controuler of the skies !  
 As man's despotic will, perhaps one hour,  
 (O how omnipotent is time !) decrees ;  
 Should not each *warning* give a strong alarm ?  
 Warning, far less than that of bosom torn  
 From bosom, bleeding o'er the sacred dead ?  
 Should not each *dial* strike us as we pass,  
 Portentous, as the *written wall*, which struck,  
 O'er midnight bowls, the proud *Affrian* pale,  
 E'er while, high-flusht with insolence, and wine !  
 Like *that*, the dial speaks ; and points to thee  
*Lorenzo* ! loath to break the banquet up.  
 " O man, thy kingdom is departing from thee ;  
 " And while it lasts, is emptier than my shade."  
 But, here, *Lorenzo*, the delusion lies ;  
 That *solar shadow*, as it measures life,  
 It life resembles too : Life speeds away  
 From point to point, tho' seeming to stand still :  
 The cunning fugitive is swift by stealth ;  
 Too subtle is the movement to be seen,  
 Yet soon man's hour is up, and we are gone.  
*Warnings* point out our danger, *gnomons*, time ;  
 As *these* are useless when the sun is set ;  
 So *those*, but when more glorious *reason* shines.  
*Reason* should judge in all : In *reason's* eye,  
 That sedentary shadow travels hard :  
 But such our gravitation to the wrong,  
 So prone our hearts to whisper what we wish,  
 'Tis later with the wise, than he's aware ;  
 And all mankind mistake their time of day ;  
 Even age itself : Fresh hopes are hourly sown  
 In furrow'd brows. So gentle *life's* descent,

We shut our eyes, and think it is a plain :  
We take fair days in winter, for the spring :  
We turn our blessings into bane ; since oft  
Man must *compute* that age he cannot *feel* ;  
He scarce believes he's older for his years.  
Thus, at life's latest eve, we keep in store  
One disappointment sure, to crown the rest ;  
The disappointment of a promis'd hour.

So sung *Pbilander*,  
Man's highest triumph ! man's profoundest fall !  
The *deathbed* of the just ! is yet undrawn  
By mortal hand ; it merits a divine :  
Angels should paint it, angels ever there ;  
There, on a post of honour, and of joy.

Dare I presume, then ? But *Philander* bids ;  
And glory tempts, and inclination calls —  
It is religion to proceed : I pause —  
And enter aw'd the temple of my theme.  
Is it his *deathbed* ? no ; it is his *shrine* ;  
Behold him, there, just rising to a *GOD*.

The chamber where the goodman meets his fate,  
Is privileg'd beyond the common walk  
Of *virtuous* life, quite in the verge of heaven.  
Fly, ye profane ! if not, draw near with awe,  
If unrefor'd by this, despair your cure.  
For, *here*, *refistles* demonstration dwells ;  
A death-bed's a *detector* of the heart.  
*Here* tir'd *disimulation* drops her masque,  
Thro' life's grimace, that *mistress* of the scene !  
*Here*, *real*, and *apparent*, are the same.  
You see the *man* ; you see his hold on heaven :  
Heaven waits not the last moment, owns her friends  
On this side death ; and points them out to men,  
A lecture, silent, but of sovereign pow'r !  
To vice, confusion ; and to virtue, peace.

Whatever farce the boastful hero plays,  
*Virtue* alone has majesty in death ;  
And greater still, the more the tyrant frowns.  
*Philander* ! he severely frown'd on thee.  
" No warning given ! unceremonious fate !  
" A suddain rush from life's meridian joys !  
" A wrench from all we *love* ! from all we *are* !

“ A restless bed of pain ! a plunge opaque  
 “ Beyond conjecture ! feeble *nature's* dread !  
 “ Strong *reason's* shudder at the dark unknown ?  
 “ A sun extinguish'd ! a just opening grave !  
 “ And oh ! the last, last ; what ? (can words express ?)  
 “ Thought reach ?) the last, last—*silence* of a friend !”  
 Where are those horrors ? That amazement, where ?  
 This hideous group of ills, which *singly* shock,  
 Demand from man ?—I thought him man till *now*.

Thro' nature's wreck, thro' vanquish'd agonies,  
 Like the stars struggling thro' this midnight gloom,  
 What gleams of joy ? what more than human peace ?  
 Where the frail mortal ? the poor abject worm ?  
 No, not in death, the *mortal* to be found.  
 His conduct is a legacy for all,  
 Richer than *Mammon's* for his single heir :  
 His comforters he comforts ; great in ruin,  
 With unreluctant grandeur, *gives*, not *yields*—  
 His soul sublime ; and closes with his fate.  
 How our hearts burnt within us at the scene ?  
 Whence, this brave bound o'er limits fixt to man ?  
 His *GOD* sustains him in his final hour :  
 His final hour brings glory to his *GOD* :  
 Man's glory heaven vouchsafes to call her own.  
 We gaze ; we weep ; mixt tears of grief and joy !  
 Amazement strikes ! devotion bursts to flame !  
*Christians* adore ! and *infidels* believe.

As some tall tow'r, or lofty mountain's brow,  
 Detains the sun, illustrious from its height ;  
 While rising vapours, and descending shades,  
 With damps, and darkness drown the spacious vale ;  
 Undampt by doubt, undarken'd by despair,  
*Philander*, thus, augustly rears his head,  
 At that black hour, which general horror sheds  
 On the low level of th' inglorious throng :  
 Sweet *peace*, and heavenly *hope*, and humble *joy*,  
 Divinely beam on his exalted soul ;  
 Destruction gild, and crown him for the skies.

—O my soul !

Blest, ravish'd with this providential scene !  
 Heaven plans her gracious stratagems for all.  
 A scene so strong to strike, so sweet to charm,

So great to raise, so heavenly to inspire,  
So solid to support fair virtue's throne,  
What transport thine, to see? what zeal to sing?  
Sing first, and send it thro' the souls of men?  
And sent *thro'* their's with ease, if from our own.  
Nor hast thou sung in vain: *Pbilander* hears,  
*Lorenzo* feels, thy song. *Lorenzo* feels,  
Or he, and not *Pbilander*, is the dead.  
*Life*, take thy chance; but oh for such an end!

## RIGHTS OF PROPERTY

ben dach te roeden wi ons die een minste  
Mitspruit indi we trouw te denen, seggen

A

# EXTRACT

## FROM

### NIGHT the FOURTH.

*Containing our only cure for the fear of death, and proper sentiments of heart on that inestimable blessing.*

**H**O-W deep implanted in the breast of man  
The dread of death? I sing its sov'reign cure.  
I scarce can meet a monument, but holds  
My younger; every date, cries—“come away.”  
And what recalls me? look the world around,  
And tell me what: the wisest cannot tell.

But grant to life some perquisites of joy;  
A time there is, when like a thrice-told tale,  
And that of no great moment, or delight,  
Long-rifled life of sweet can yield no more,  
But from our *comment* on the comedy,  
*Pleasing reflections* on parts well-sustain'd,  
Or purpos'd *emendations* where we fail'd,  
Or hopes of plaudits from our candid judge,  
When, on their exit, souls are bid unrobe,  
And drop this mask of flesh behind the scene.

Blest be that hand divine, which gently laid  
My heart at rest, beneath this humble shed.  
The world's a stately bark, on dangerous seas,  
With pleasure seen, but boarded at our peril:  
*Here*, on a single plank, thrown safe ashore,  
I hear the tumult of the distant throng,

As

As that of seas remote, or dying storms ;  
And meditate on scenes, more silent still ;  
Pursue my theme, and fight the *fear of death*.  
*Here*, like a shepherd gazing from his hut,  
Touching his reed, or leaning on his staff,  
Eager ambition's fiery chace I see ;  
I see the circling hunt, of noisy men,  
Burst laws enclosure, leap the mounds of right,  
Pursuing and pursued, each others prey ;  
As wolves, for rapine ; as the fox, for wiles ;  
Till *death*, that mighty hunter, earths them all.

Why all this toil for triumphs of an hour ?  
What, tho' we wade in wealth, or soar in fame ?  
Earth's highest station ends in "here he lies,"  
And "dust to dust" concludes her noblest song.

O my coëvals ! remnants of yourselves !  
Poor human ruins, tott'ring o'er the grave !  
Shall we, shall aged men, like aged trees,  
Strike deeper their vile root, and closer cling,  
Still more enamour'd of this wretched soil ?  
Shall our pale, wither'd hands be still stretch'd out,  
Trembling, at once, with eagerness and age ?  
With avarice, and convulsions grasping hard ?  
Grasping at air ! for what has earth beside ?  
Man wants but little ; nor that little, long ;  
How soon must he resign his very dust ;  
Which frugal nature lent him for an hour ?  
Years unexperienc'd rush on numerous ills ;  
And soon as man, expert from time, has found  
The *key of life*, it opes the gates of death.

When in this vale of years I backward look  
And miss such numbers, numbers too of such,  
Firmer in health, and greener in their age,  
And stricter on their guard, and fitter far  
To play life's subtle game, I scarce believe  
I still survive ; and am I fond of life,  
Who scarce can think it possible, I live ?  
Who long have bury'd what gives life to live,  
Firmness of nerve, and energy of thought.  
Alas ! my *sense*, and *reason* show the door,  
Call for my bier, and point me to the dust.

O thou great arbiter of life and death !

—With the *Patriarch's* joy,  
Thy call I follow to the land unknown ;  
I trust in thee, and know in whom I trust ;  
Or life, or death, is equal ; neither weighs,  
All weight in this—O let me live to thee !

Tho' *nature's* terrors, *thus*, may be represt ;  
Still frowns grim *death* ; guilt points the tyrants spear.  
And whence all human guilt ? from death forgot,  
Ah me ! too long I set at nought the swarm  
Of friendly warnings, which around me flew,  
And smil'd unsmitten ; small my cause to smile !  
*Death's* admonitions, like shafts upwards shot,  
More dreadful by delay, the longer e'er  
They strike our hearts, the deeper is their wound.  
O think how deep, *Lorenzo !* here it stings ;  
Who can appease its anguish ? how it burns ?  
What hand the barb'd, envenom'd, thought can draw ?  
What healing hand can pour the balm of peace ?  
And turn my sight undaunted on the tomb ?

With joy,—with grief, that *healing hand* I see ;  
Ah ! too conspicuous ! it is fix'd on high.  
On high ?—what means my frenzy ? I blaspheme ;  
Alas ! how low ? how far beneath the skies ?  
The skies it form'd ; and now it bleeds for me—  
But bleeds the balm I want—yet still it *bleeds* ;  
Draw the dire steel—ah no !—the dreadful blessing  
What heart, or can sustain ? or dares forego ?  
There hangs all human hope : That nail supports  
Our falling universe : That gone, we drop ;  
Horror receives us, and the dismal wish  
Creation had been smother'd in her birth—  
Darkness his curtain, and his bed the dust ;  
When stars and sun are dust beneath his throne !  
In heaven itself can such indulgence dwell ?  
O what a groan was there ? a groan *not his*,  
He seiz'd our dreadful right, the load sustain'd ;  
And heav'd the mountain from a guilty world.  
A thousand worlds *so* bought, were bought too dear.  
Sensations *new*, in angels bosoms rise ;  
Suspend their song ; and make a pause in bliss.

O for their song to reach my lofty theme !  
Inspire me *night* ! with all thy tuneful spheres !

Much

Much rather thou! who dost those spheres inspire ;  
 Left I blaspheme my subject with my song.  
 Shall *Pagan* pages glow celestial flame,  
 And *Christian*, languish? on our hearts, not heads,  
 Falls the foul infamy : My heart! awake,  
 What can awake thee, unawak'd by *this*,  
 " Expended deity on human weal."  
 Feel the great *truths*, which burst the tenfold night  
 Of *Heathen* error, with a golden flood  
 Of endless day : To feel, is to be fired ;  
 And to believe, *Lorenzo!* is to feel.

Thou most indulgent, most tremendous power!  
 Still more tremendous, for thy wondrous *love*!  
 That arms, with awe more awful, thy commands ;  
 And foul transgression slips in sevenfold night.  
 How our hearts tremble at thy love immense?  
 In love immense, inviolably just!  
 Thou, rather than thy *justice* shou'd be stain'd,  
 Didst stain the *cross*; and work of wonders, far  
 The greatest, that thy dearest far, might bleed.  
 Bold thought! shall I dare speak it? or repress?  
 Shou'd man more *execrate*, or *boast*, the guilt;  
 Which rouz'd such vengeance? which such love in-  
 flam'd?

O'er guilt, (how mountainous?) with outstretched arms,  
 Stern *justice*, and soft-smiling *love*, embrace,  
 Supporting, in full majesty, thy throne,  
 When seem'd its majesty to need support,  
 Or that, or *man* inevitably lost?  
 What, but the fathomless of thought divine,  
 Cou'd labour such expedient from despair,  
 And rescue both? both rescue! both exalt!  
 O how are both exalted by the *deed*!  
 The wond'rous deed; or shall I call it more?  
 A wonder in omnipotence itself!  
 A mystery, no less to Gods than men!

Not *this*, our infidels th' *eternal* draw,  
 A God all o'er, consummate, absolute,  
 Full-orb'd, in his whole round of rays compleat :  
 They set at odds heaven's jarring attributes;  
 And, with one excellence, another wound;  
 Maim heaven's perfection, break its equal beams,

Bid *mercy* triumph over—God himself,  
Undeify'd by their opprobrious praise.

Ye brainless wits ! ye baptiz'd infidels !  
Ye worse for mending ! wash'd to fouler stains !  
The ransom was paid down ; the fund of heaven,  
Heaven's inexhaustible, exhausted fund,  
Amazing, and amaz'd, pour'd forth the price,  
All price beyond : Tho' curious to compute,  
Archangels fail'd to cast the mighty sum :  
Its value vast ungraspt by minds *create*,  
For ever hides, and glows, in the *supreme*.

And was the ransom paid ? it was : and paid  
(What can exalt the bounty more ?) for *you*.  
The sun beheld it—no, the shocking scene  
Drove back his chariot ; *midnight* veil'd his face ;  
Not such as *this* ; not such as nature makes ;  
A *midnight*, nature shudder'd to behold ;  
A *midnight* new ! a dread eclipse (without  
Opposing spheres) from her creator's frown !  
*Sun* ! didst thou fly thy maker's pain ? or start  
At that enormous load of human guilt,  
Which bow'd his blessed head ; o'erwhelm'd his crofs ;  
Made groan the center ; burst earth's marble womb,  
With pangs, strange pangs ! deliver'd of her dead ?  
Hell howl'd ; and heav'n that hour let fall a tear ;  
Heav'n wept, that men might smile ! heav'n bled,  
Might never die !— [that man

What heart of stone, but glows at thoughts like these ?  
Such contemplations mount us ; and shou'd mount  
The mind still higher ; nor ever glance on man,  
Unraptur'd, uninflam'd.—Where nowl my thoughts  
To rest from wonders ? other wonders rise,  
And strike where'er they nowl : My soul is caught ;  
Heav'n's sovereign blessings clust'ring from the crofs,  
Rush on her in a throng, and close her round,  
The prisoner of amaze !—In his blest *life*,  
I see the *path*, and in his *death*, the *price*,  
And in his great *ascent*, the *proof* supreme  
Of immortality.—And did he *rise* ?  
Hear, O ye nations ! hear it, O ye dead !  
He rose ! he rose ! he burst the bars of death.  
Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates !

And

And give the king of glory to come in :  
 Who is the king of glory ? he who left  
 His throne of glory, for the pang of death :  
 Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates !  
 And give the king of glory to come in.  
 Who is the king of glory ? he who slew  
 The ravenous foe, that gorg'd all human race ?  
 The king of glory, he, whose glory fill'd  
 Heaven with amazement at his love to man ;  
 And with divine complacency beheld  
 Powers most illumin'd wilder'd in the theme.

The theme, the joy, how then shall *man* sustain ?  
 Oh the burst gates ! crush'd sting ! demolish'd throne !  
 Last gasp ! of vanquish'd death. Shout earth and  
 heaven !

This *sum of good*, to man : whose nature, *then*,  
 Took wing, and mounted with him from the tomb ?  
 Then, then, I rose, and man's mortality  
 Was, then, transfer'd to death ; and heaven's dura-  
 Unalienably seal'd to this frail frame, [tion  
 This child of dust.—Man, all-immortal ! hail ;  
 Hail, heaven ! all-lavish of strange gifts to man !  
 Thine all the glory ; man's the boundless bliss.

Where am I rapt by this triumphant theme,  
 On christian joy's exulting wing, above  
 Th' *Aonian* mount ?—alas, small cause for joy !  
 What if to pain, immortal ? If extent  
 Of being, to preclude a close of woe ?  
 Where, then, my boast of immortality ?—  
 I boast it still, tho' cover'd o'er with guilt ;  
 For guilt, not innocence, his life he pour'd ;  
 'Tis guilt alone can justify his death ;  
 Nor that, unless his death can justify  
 Relenting guilt in heaven's indulgent sight.  
 If sick of folly, I relent ; he writes  
 My name in heaven, with that inverted spear  
 (A spear deep-dipt in blood !) which pierc'd his side,  
 And open'd there a font for all mankind  
 Who strive, who combat crimes, to drink, and live.  
*This*, only *this* subdues the fear of death.

And what is *this* ?—survey the wond'rous cure ;  
 And at each step, let higher wonder rise !

“ Pardon for infinite offence ! and pardon  
 “ Thro’ means, that speak its value infinite !  
 “ A pardon bought with blood ! with blood divine !  
 “ With blood divine of him, I made my foe !  
 “ Perfisted to provoke ! tho’ woo’d, and aw’d,  
 “ Blest, and chastiz’d, a flagrant rebel still !  
 “ A rebel ’midst the thunders of his throne !  
 “ Nor I alone ! a rebel universe !  
 “ My species up in arms ! not one exempt !  
 “ Yet for the foulest of the foul, he dies.”

Bound every heart ! and every bosom burn !

Oh what a scale of miracles is here !

Its lowest round, high-planted on the skies ;  
 Its tow’ring summit lost beyond the thought  
 Of man, or angel : Oh that I could climb  
 The wonderful ascent, with equal praise !

*Praise !* flow for ever, (if astonishment

Will give thee leave) my praise ! for ever flow ;  
 Praise ardent, cordial, constant, to high heaven  
 More fragrant, than *Arabia* sacrific’d ;  
 And all her spicy mountains in a flame.

Ah shall not *praise* be thine ? not human praise ?  
 While heaven’s high host on *Hallelujah’s* live ?

Oh may I breath, no longer, than I breath  
 My soul in praise to him, who gave my soul,  
 And all her infinite of prospect fair,  
 Cut thro’ the shades of hell, great love ! by thee  
 Oh most adorable ! most unador’d !

Where shall that praise begin, which ne’er should end ?

The nameless *be*, whose nod is *nature’s* birth ;  
 And *nature’s* shield, the shadow of his hand ;  
 Her dissolution, his suspended smile ;  
 The great *first-last* ! pavilion’d high he fits  
 In darkness, from excessive splendor, born,  
 By Gods unseen, unless, through lustre lost.  
 His glory, to created glory, bright,  
 As that, to central horrors ; he looks down  
 On all that soars ; and spans immensity.

Tho’ *night* unnumber’d worlds unfolds to view,  
 Boundless creation ! what art thou ? a beam,  
 A mere effuvinum of his majesty :  
 And *that* an atom of this atom-world,

Mutter

Mutter in dust, and sin, the theme of heaven ?  
 Down to the center shou'd I send my thought,  
 Thro' beds of glittering ore, and glowing gems,  
 Their beggar'd blaze, wants lustre for my lay ;  
 Goes out in darkness : If, on tow'ring wing,  
 I send it thro' the boundless vault of stars ;  
 The stars, tho' rich, what dross their gold to *thee*,  
 Great ! good ! wise ! wonderful ! eternal king ?  
 If to those *conscious stars*, thy throne around,  
 Praise ever-pouring, and imbibing bliss,  
 And ask their strain ; they want it, more they want ;  
 Poor, their abundance, humble their sublime,  
 Languid their energy, their ardor cold,  
 Indebted still, their highest rapture burns ;  
 Short of its mark, defective, tho' divine.

Still more—this theme is man's, and man's alone ;  
 Their vast appointments reach it not ; they see  
 On earth a bounty, not indulg'd on high ;  
 And downward look for heaven's superior praise !  
 First-born of *Æther* ! high in fields of light !  
 View man, to see the glory of your God !  
 Could angels envy, they had envy'd here,  
 They sung *creation*, (for in that they shar'd)  
 How rose in melody, the child of love ?  
*Creation's* great superior, man ! is thine ;  
 Thine is *redemption* ; they just gave the key,  
 'Tis thine to raise, and eternize, the song ;  
 Tho' human, yet divine ; for shou'd not *this*  
 Raise man o'er man, and kindle seraphs *here* ?  
*Redemption* ! 'twas *creation* more sublime ;  
*Redemption* ! 'twas the labour of the skies ;  
 Far more than labour—it was death in heaven.  
 A truth so strange ! 'twere bold to think it true ;  
 If not far bolder still, to *disbelieve*. [ven ?

Here, pause, and ponder : Was there death in heaven ?  
 What then on earth ? on earth which struck the blow ?  
 Who struck it ? who ?—O how is man enlarr'd  
 Seen thro' this medium ? how the pigmy tow'rs ?  
 How counterpois'd his origin from dust ?  
 How counterpois'd, to dust his sad return ?  
 How voided his vast distance from the skies ?

How near he presses on the Seraph's wing ?  
 How this demonstrates, thro' the thickest cloud  
 Of guilt, and clay condemn'd, the son of heaven ?  
 The double son ; the made, and the re-made ;  
 And shall heaven's double property be lost ?  
 Man's double madness only can destroy.  
 To man the bleeding cross has promis'd all ;  
 The bleeding cross has sworn eternal grace ;  
 Who gave his life, what grace shall he deny ?  
 O ye ! who from this *rock of ages*, leap  
 Disdainful, plunging headlong in the deep !  
 What cordial joy, what consolation strong  
 Whatever winds arise, or billows roul,  
 Our interest in the master of the storm ?  
 Cling there, and in wreck'd nature's ruins smile ;  
 While vile apostates tremble in a calm.

Man ! know thyself ; all wisdom centers there :  
 To none man seems ignoble, but to man ;  
 Angels that grandeur, men o'erlook, admire :  
 How long shall human nature be their book,  
 Degenerate mortal ! and unread by thee ?  
 The beam dim reason sheds shows wonders there ;  
 What high contents ? illustrious faculties ?  
 But the grand comment, which displays at full  
 Our human height, scarce sever'd from divine,  
 By heaven compos'd, was publish'd on the *cross* !

Why doubt we, then, the glorious truth to sing,  
 Tho' yet unsung, as deem'd perhaps too bold ?  
 Angels are men of a superior kind ;  
 Angels are men in lighter habit clad,  
 High o'er celestial mountains wing'd in flight ;  
 And men are angels, loaded for an hour,  
 Who wade this miry vale, and climb with pain,  
 And slippery step, the bottom of the steep :  
 While here of corps ethereal, such enroll'd,  
 And summon'd to the glorious standard soon,  
 Which flames eternal crimson thro' the skies.  
 Nor are our brothers thoughtless of their kin,  
 Yet absent ; but not absent from their love.  
*Michael* has fought our battles ; *Raphael* sung  
 Our triumphs ; *Gabriel* on our errands flown ;  
 Sent by the *Sovereign* : And are these, O man !

Thy

Thy friends? and art thou rival to the brute?

Religion's all. Descending from the skies  
To wretched man, the goddess in her left

Holds out *this* world, and in her right, the *next*;

Religion! providence! an after-state!

Here is firm footing; here is solid rock;

This can support us; all is sea besides,

Sinks under us; bestorms, and then devours.

His hand the good man fastens on the skies,

And bids earth rowl, nor feels her idle whirl.

Religion! thou the soul of happiness;

And groaning *Calvary*, of thee! *there* shine

The noblest truths; *there* strongest motives sting!

There, sacred violence assaults the soul;

There, nothing but *compulsion* is forborn.

Can love allure us? or can terror awe?

*He* weeps! — the falling drop puts out the sun;

*He* sighs! — the sigh earth's deep foundation shakes;

If, in his love, so terrible, what then?

His wrath inflam'd? his tenderness on fire?

Can prayer, can praise avert it? — thou, my *all*!

My theme! my inspiration! and my crown!

My strength in age! my rise in low estate!

My soul's ambition, pleasure, wealth! — my world!

My light in darkness! and my life in death!

My boast thro' time! bliss thro' eternity!

Eternity, too short to speak thy praise!

Or fathom thy profound of love to man!

To man, of men the meanest, even to me;

My sacrifice! my God! — what things are these!

What then art thou? by what name shall I call thee?

Knew I the name devout arch-angels use,

Devout arch-angels shou'd the name enjoy,

By me unrival'd; thousands more sublime,

None half so dear, as that, which tho' unspoke,

Still glows at heart; O how omnipotence!

Is lost in love? thou great \* *Philanthropist*!

Father of angels! but the friend of man!

Thou, who didst save him, snatch the smoking brand

From out the flames, and quench it in thy blood!

\* Lover of mankind.

How art thou pleas'd, by bounty to distress ?  
 To make us groan beneath our gratitude,  
 And leave praise panting in the distant vale ?  
 But since the naked *will* obtains thy smile,  
 Beneath this monument of praise *unpaid*,  
 And future life symphonious to my strain,  
 (That noblest hymn to heaven !) for ever lie  
 Intomb'd my *feare of death* ! and every fear,  
 The dread of every evil, but thy frown.

Whom see I yonder, so demurely smile ?  
 Laughter a labour, and might break their rest.  
 Ye quietists, in homage to the skies !  
 Serene ! of soft address ! who mildly make  
 An unobtrusive tender of your hearts,  
 Abhorring violence ! who *bait* indeed  
 But for the blessing, *wrestle* not with heaven !  
 Think you my song, too turbulent ? too warm ?  
 Are *passions* then, the Pagans of the soul ?  
 Reason alone baptiz'd ? alone *ordain'd*  
 To touch things sacred—oh for warmer still !  
 Guilt chills my zeal, and age benumbs my pow'rs ;  
 Oh for an humbler heart, and prouder song !  
 Thou, my much injur'd theme ! with that soft eye  
 Which melted o'er doom'd *Salem*, deign too look  
 Compassion to the coldness of my breast ;  
 And pardon to the winter in my strain.

Oh ye cold-hearted, frozen, formalists !  
 On such a theme, 'tis impious to be calm ;  
 Passion is reason, transport temper *here* ;  
 Shall heaven which gave us ardor, and has shewn  
 Her own for man so strongly, not disdain  
 What smooth emollients in theology,  
 Recumbent virtue's downy doctors preach,  
 That prose of piety, a lukewarm praise ?  
 Rise odours sweet from incense uninflam'd ?  
 Devotion, when lukewarm, is undevout ;  
 But when it glows, its heat is struck to heaven ;  
 To human hearts her golden harps are strung ;  
 High heaven's \* *Orchestra* chaunts *amen* to man.

Oh when will *death*, (now stingless) like a friend,

\* St. Luke xv. 7. I say unto you, that likewise joy shall be  
 in heaven, over one sinner that repented.

Admit

Admit me of their choir? oh when will *death*,  
This mould'ring, old, partition-wall thrown down,  
Give beings, one in nature, one abode?  
Oh death divine! that gives us to the skies.  
O happy, happy day! that breaks our chain;  
And re-admits us, thro' the guardian hand  
Of elder brothers, to our father's throne;  
Who hears our advocate, and thro' his wounds  
Beholding man, allows that tender name.  
'Tis this makes *christian triumph*, a command:  
'Tis this makes joy a *duty* to the wife.

Seest thou \* *Lorenzo!* where hangs all our hope?  
Touch'd by the *cross* we live; *untouch'd we more*  
than die;

*That touch*, with charm celestial, heals the soul  
Diseas'd, drives pain from guilt, lights life in death,  
Turns earth to heaven; to heavenly thrones transforms  
The ghastly ruins of the mould'ring tomb.

Dost ask me when? when *he* who dy'd returns;  
Returns, how chang'd? where *then* the man of woe?  
In glory's terrors all the godhead burns;  
And all his courts exhausted by the tide  
Of deities triumphant in his train,  
Leave a stupendous solitude in heaven;  
Replenish soon; replenish with encrease  
Of pomp, and multitude; a radiant band  
Of angels new; of angels from the tomb.

Is this by fancy thrown remote? and rise  
Dark doubts between the promise, and event?  
I send thee not to volumes for thy cure;  
Read nature; nature is a friend to truth.  
Hast thou ne'er seen the comet's flaming flight?  
Th' illustrious stranger passing, terror sheds  
On gazing nations, from his fiery train  
Of length enormous; takes his ample round  
Thro' depths of Ether; coasts unnumber'd worlds,  
Of more than solar glory; doubles wide  
Heaven's mighty cape, and then revisits earth,  
From the long travel of a thousand years.  
Thus, at the destin'd period, shall return

\* i. e. SEEST THOU, O SINNER! WHERE HANGS  
ALL OUR HOPE?

He,

*He*, once on earth, who bids the comet blaze ;  
And with him all our triumph o'er the tomb.

*Low nature* speaks on this important point ;  
And hope precarious in soft whisper breaths :  
*Faith* speaks aloud distinct ; even *adders* hear,  
But turn, and dart into the dark again.  
*Faith* builds a bridge across the gulph of death,  
To break the shock blind *nature* cannot shun,  
And lands thought smoothly on the farther shore.  
Death's terror is the mountain *faith* removes ;  
That mountain barrier between man and peace.  
'Tis *faith* disarms destruction ; and absolves  
From every clamorous charge, the guiltless tomb.

Why disbelieve ? *Lorenzo* !—" *Reason* bids,  
" All-sacred *reason*."—Hold her sacred still ;  
Nor shalt thou want a rival in thy flame :  
Wear I the blessed cross, by fortune stampt  
On passive nature, before thought was born ?  
My birth's blind bigot ! fir'd with *local* zeal !  
No ; *reason* rebaptiz'd me when adult ;  
Weigh'd true and false in her impartial scale ;  
My heart became the convert of my head ;  
And made that choice, which once was but my fate.  
" On argument alone *my* faith is built :"

*Reason* purſu'd is *faith* ; and unpurſu'd  
Where proof invites, 'tis *reason*, then, no more :  
And such our *proof*, that, or our *faith* is *right*,  
Or *reason* lies, and heaven design'd it *wrong* :  
Absolve we this ? what, then, is blasphemy ?  
Wrong not the christian, think not *reason* yours ;  
'Tis *reason* our great *master* holds so dear ;  
'Tis *reason*'s injur'd rights his wrath resents ;  
'Tis *reason*'s voice obey'd his glories crown ;  
To give lost *reason* life, he pour'd his own :  
Believe, and show the *reason* of a man ;  
Believe, and taste the pleasure of a God ;  
Believe, and look with triumph on the tomb.

Learn hence what honours, what loud *Pæans* due  
To those, who push our *antidote* aside ;  
Those boasted friends to *reason*, and to *man*,  
Whose fatal love stabs every joy, and leaves  
Death's terror heighten'd gnawing on his heart.

These

These pompous sons of *reason* idoliz'd,  
And vilify'd at once ; of *reason* dead,  
Then deify'd, as monarchs were of old,  
What conduct plants proud laurels on their brow ?  
While *love of truth* thro' all their camp resounds,  
They draw *pride*'s curtain o'er the noon-tide ray,  
Spike up their inch of *reason*, on the point  
Of philosophic wit, *call'd* argument,  
And then exulting in their taper, cry,  
" Behold the sun :" And *Indian-like*, adore.

Talk they of *morals* ? O thou bleeding love !  
Thou maker of *new* *morals* to mankind !  
The grand morality is *love* of thee.  
A *christian* !—'Tis the highest stile of man.  
And is there, who the blessed cross wipes off  
As a foul blot, from his dishonour'd brow ?  
If angels tremble, 'tis at such a sight :  
The wretch they quit, desponding of their charge,  
More struck with grief or wonder, who can tell ?

Ye sold to *sense* ! ye citizens of earth !  
(For such alone the *christian* banner fly)  
Know ye how wise your choice, how great your gain ?  
Behold the picture of earth's happiest man :

" He calls his wish, it comes ; he sends it back,  
" And says, he call'd another ; that arrives,  
" Meets the same welcome ; yet he still calls on ;  
" Till one calls him, who varies not his call,  
" But holds him fast, in chains of darkness bound,  
" Till nature dies, and judgment sets him free ;  
" A freedom, far less welcome than his chain."

But grant man happy ; grant him happy long ;  
Add to life's highest prize her latest hour :  
That hour so late, is nimble in approach,  
That, like a post, comes on in full career ;  
How swift the shuttle flies, that weaves thy shroud ?  
Where is the fable of thy former years ?

Thrown down the gulph of time ; as far from thee  
As they had ne'er been thine ; the day in hand,  
Like a bird struggling to get loose, is going ;  
Scarce now posses'd, so suddenly 'tis gone ;  
And each swift moment fled, is death advanc'd  
By strides as swift : Eternity is all ;

\* O

And

And whose eternity? who triumphs there?  
Bathing for ever in the font of bliss!

For ever basking in the Deity!

*Lorenzo!* who?—thy conscience shall reply.

O give it leave to speak; 'twill speak ere long,

Thy leave unaskt: *Lorenzo!* hear it now,

While useful its advice, its accent mild.

By the great edict, by divine decree,

*Truth* is deposited with man's *last hour*;

An honest hour, and faithful to her trust.

*Truth*, eldest daughter of the Deity;

*Truth*, of his council, when he made the worlds,

Nor less, when he shall judge the worlds he made;

Tho' silent long, and sleeping ne'er so sound,

Smother'd with errors, and opprest with toys,

That heaven-commission'd hour no sooner calls,

But from her cavern in the soul's abyss,

Like him they fable under *Etna* whelm'd,

*Tremendous* bursts in thunder, and in flame;

Loudly convinces, and severely pains.

The keen vibrations of bright *truth*—is hell:

Ye deaf to truth! peruse this parson'd page,

And trust, for once, a prophet, and a priest,

“ Men may live fools, but fools they cannot die.”

*An Extract from Mr. Prior's Poem on  
CHARITY.*

*A Paraphrase on 1 Cor. xiii.*

Did sweeter sounds adorn my flowing tongue,  
Than ever man pronounced or angels sung ;  
Had I all knowledge, human, and divine,  
That thought can reach, or science can define ;  
And had I Pow'r to give that knowledge birth,  
In all the speeches of the babling earth :  
Did SHADRACH's zeal my glowing breast inspire,  
To weary tortures, and rejoice in fire ;  
Or had I faith like that which *Israel* saw,  
When *Moses* gave them miracles, and law :  
Yet gracious CHARITY, indulgent guest,  
Were not thy pow'r exerted in my breast ;  
Those speeches would send up unheeded pray'r :  
That scorn of life would be but wild despair :  
A tymbal's sound were better than my voice :  
My faith were form : my eloquence were noise.

CHARITY, decent, modest, easy, kind,  
Softens the high, and rears the abject mind :  
Knows with just reins, and gentle hand to guide,  
Betwixt vile shame, and arbitrary pride,  
Not soon provok'd, she easily forgives ;  
And much she suffers as she much believes.  
Soft peace she brings where-ever she arrives :  
She builds our quiet, as she forms our lives ;  
Lays the rough paths of peevish nature even ;  
And opens in each heart a little HEAVEN.

When in obedience to what Heav'n decrees,  
Knowledge shall fail, and prophecy shall cease,  
Then constant FAITH, and holy HOPE shall die,  
One lost in certainty, and one in joy :  
Whilst LOVE, O happy pow'r, is still the same,  
Lasting her lamp, and unconsum'd her flame,  
Shall still survive —  
Shall stand before the host of HEAV'N confess,  
For ever blessing, and for ever blest.

A N

E X T R A C T

F R O M

Dr. YOUNG'S POEM

O N T H E

L A S T D A Y.

---

B O O K I.

WHILE others sing the fortune of the great,  
 Empire and arms, and all the pomp of state,  
 With *Britain's* hero set their souls on fire,  
 And grow immortal as his deeds inspire ;  
 I draw a deeper scene : a scene that yields  
 A louder trumpet, and more dreadful fields ;  
 The world alarm'd, both earth and heav'n o'erthrown,  
 And gasping nature's last tremendous groan ;  
 Death's antient scepter broke, the teeming tomb,  
 The righteous judge, and man's eternal doom.  
 Sooner, or later, in some future date,  
 (A dreadful secret in the book of fate !)  
 This hour, for ought all human wisdom knows,  
 Or when ten thousand harvests more have rose,

While

While the still busy world is treading o'er  
The paths they trod five thousand years before,  
Thoughtless as those who now life's mazes run,  
Of earth dissolv'd, or an extinguish'd sun.

(Ye sublunary worlds, awake, awake,  
Ye rulers of the nations hear and shake!  
Thick clouds of darkness shall arise on day,  
In sudden night all earth's dominions lay ;  
Impetuous winds the scatter'd forests rend,  
Eternal mountains, like their cedars, bend ;  
From inmost heav'n incessant thunders rowl,  
And the strong echo bound from pole to pole.

When lo ! a mighty trump, one half conceal'd  
In clouds, one half to mortal eye reveal'd,  
Shall pour a dreadful note : the piercing call  
Shall rattle in the centre of the ball,  
Th' extended circuit of creation shake,  
The living die with fear, the dead awake.

Oh powerful blast ! to which no equal sound  
Did e'er the frightened ear of nature wound !  
Tho' rival clarions have been strain'd on high,  
And kindled wars immortal thro' the sky,  
Tho' GOD's whole enginery discharg'd, and all  
The rebel angels bellow'd in their fall.

When guilty joys invites us to their arms,  
When beauty smiles, or grandeur spreads her charms,  
If the struck soul would this great scene display,  
Call down th' immortal hosts in dread array,  
The trumpet sound, the christian banner spread,  
And raise from silent graves the trembling dead ;  
Such deep impression would the picture make,  
No pow'r on earth her firm resolve could shake ;  
Engag'd with angels she would greatly stand,  
And look regardless down on sea and land ;  
Not proffer'd worlds her ardour could restrain,  
And death might shake his threatening launee in vain ;  
Her certain conquest would endear the fight,  
And danger serve but to supply delight.

Say then, my muse, whom dismal scenes delight,  
Frequent at tombs, and in the realms of night ;  
Say, melancholy maid, if bold to dare  
The last extremes of terror, and despair :

Oh say, what change on earth, what heart in man,  
This blackest moment since the world began.

Ah mournful turn ! the blissful earth, who late  
At leisure on her axle roll'd in state,  
This world so great, of joy the bright abode,  
Heav'n's darling child, and fav'rite of her GOD,  
Now looks an exile from her father's care,  
Deliver'd o'er to darkness and despair.  
No sun in radiant glory shines on high,  
No light, but from the terrors of the sky.  
Fall'n are her mountains, her fam'd rivers lost,  
And all into a second chaos tost :  
One universal ruin spreads abroad,  
Nothing is safe beneath the throne of GOD.

Such, earth, thy fate; what then canst thou afford  
To comfort, and support thy guilty lord ?  
Man, haughty lord of all beneath the moon,  
How must he bend his soul's ambition down ?  
What dreadful pangs the trembling heart invade ?  
Lord, why dost thou forfaze, whom thou hast made ?  
Who can sustain thy anger ? who can stand  
Beneath the terrors of thy lifted hand ?  
Thou, who for me the frown of fate hast stood,  
And in thy dreadful agony sweat blood ;  
Defend me, O my GOD ! oh save me, pow'r  
Of powers supreme, in that tremendous hour !

From east to west they fly, from pole to line,  
Imploring shelter from the wrath divine ;  
Beg flames to wrap, or whelming seas to sweep,  
Or rocks to yawn compassionately deep :  
Seas cast the monster forth to meet his doom,  
And rocks but prison up for wrath to come.

So fares a traitor to an earthly crown ;  
While death sits threat'ning in his prince's frown,  
The port, he seeks, obedient to her lord,  
Hurls back the rebel to his lifted sword.

But why this idle toil to paint that day ?  
This time elaborately thrown away ?  
Worlds all in vain pant after the distress,  
The height of eloquence would make it less ;  
*Even the good man trembles* —

And

And is there a last day ? and must there come  
 A sure, a fix'd, inexorable doom ?—  
 Ambition, wealth, and thou fair tempting vine,  
 And thou, more dreaded foe, bright *beauty*, shine,  
 Shine all ; in all your charms together rise ;  
 That all, in all your charms, I may despise.  
 Religion ! oh thou cherub, heavenly bright !  
 Oh joys unmix'd, and fathomless delight !  
 Thou, thou art all ; nor find I in the whole  
 Creation ought, but GOD and my own soul.  
 Hear, O ye just ! attend, ye virtuous few !  
 And the bright paths of piety pursue.

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*An Extract from BOOK II.*

**N**OW man awakes, and from his silent bed,  
 Where he has slept for ages, lifts his head ;  
 Shakes off the flumber of ten thousand years,  
 And on the borders of new worlds appears.  
 Again the trumpet's intermitting sound  
 Rolls the wide circuit of creation round,  
 In some wide field, which *furious* whirlwinds sweep,  
 Drive cities, forests, mountains to the deep,  
 To smooth and lengthen out th' unbounded space,  
 And spread an area for all human race.

Now monuments prove faithful to their trust,  
 And render back their long committed dust.  
 Dreadful to view, see through the dusky sky  
 Fragments of bodies in confusion fly,  
 To distant regions journeying, there to claim  
 Deserfed members, and compleat the frame.  
 The trumpet's sound each vagrant mote shall hear,  
 Or fix'd in earth, or if afloat in air,  
 Obey the signal wafted in the wind,  
 And not one sleeping atom lag behind.

The body thus renew'd, the conscious soul,  
 Which has perhaps been flutt'ring near the pole,

Or

Or midst the burning planets wond'ring stray'd,  
 Or hover'd o'er, where her pale corps was laid ;  
 Or rather coasted on her final state,  
 And fear'd, or wish'd for her appointed fate :  
 This soul returning with a constant flame,  
 Now weds for ever her immortal frame.  
 That solemn mansion of the royal dead,  
 Where passing slaves o'er sleeping monarchs tread,  
 Now populous o'erflows : a numerous race  
 Of rising kings fill all th' extended space :  
 A life well spent, not the victorious sword,  
 Awards the crown, and stiles the greater lord.  
 Whole nations wake, whose unsuspected bones  
 Support the pride of their luxurious sons.

The most magnificent, and costly dome  
 Is but an upper chamber to a tomb.  
 No spot on earth but has supply'd a grave,  
 And human skulls the spacious ocean pave.  
 All's full of man, and at this dreadful turn,  
 The swarm shall issue, and the hive shall burn.

Not all at once, nor in like manner rise,  
 Some lift with pain their slow unwilling eyes ;  
 Shrink backward from the terror of the light,  
 And bless the grave, and call for lasting night.  
 Others, whose long attempted virtue stood  
 Fix'd as a rock, and broke the rushing flood,  
 Whose firm resolve nor beauty could melt down,  
 Nor raging tyrants from their posture frown ;  
 Such in this day of horrors shall be seen,  
 To face the thunders with a godlike mien ;  
 The planets drop, their thoughts are fix'd above ;  
 The center shakes, their hearts disdain to move.  
 An earth dissolving, and a heav'n thrown wide,  
 A yawning gulph, and fiends on every side,  
 Serene they view, impatient of delay,  
 And bless the dawn of everlasting day.

Oh wondrous change ! what unknown objects rise,  
 Shake my belief, and fill me with surprize ?  
 Here *greatness* prostrate falls, there *strength* gives place ;  
 Here *Lazars* smile, there *beauty* hides her face.  
*Christians*, and *Jews*, and *Turks*, and *Pagans* stand,  
 A blended throng, one undistinguish'd band.

Some

Some who perhaps by mutual wounds expir'd  
With zeal for their distinct persuasions fir'd,  
In mutual friendship their long slumber break,  
And hand in hand their Saviour's love partake.

But none are flush'd with brighter joy, or warm  
With juster confidence enjoy the storm,  
Than those, whose pious bounties unconfin'd  
Have made them publick fathers of mankind.  
*Bright* now you rise eternally to shine,  
Eternally to drink the rays divine.

Indulgent GOD! oh how shall mortal raise  
His soul to due returns of grateful praise,  
For bounty so profuse to human kind,  
Thy wondrous gift of an eternal mind?  
Shall I, who some few years ago was less  
Than worm, or mite, or shadow can express,  
Was nothing; shall I live, when every fire  
Of every star shall languish and expire?  
When earth's no more, shall I survive above,  
And through the radiant files of angels move?

But oh! before this blissful state, before  
Th' aspiring soul this wondrous height can soar,  
The judge descending thunders from afar,  
And all mankind are summon'd to the bar.  
Behold the GOD of GODS indeed descend,  
And worlds unnumber'd his approach attend.

Lo! the wide theater, whose ample space  
Must entertain the whole of human race,  
At heaven's all-pow'rful edict is prepar'd,  
And fence'd around with an immortal guard.  
Adam salutes his youngest son; no sign  
Of all those ages, which their births disjoin.

How empty learning, and how vain is art,  
But as it mends the life, and guides the heart?

How vast the concourse! not in number more  
The waves that break on the resounding shore,  
Millions fast fwell to be discern'd in vain,  
Lost as a billow in th' unbounded main.

This echoing voice now rends the yielding air,  
*For judgment, judgment, sons of men, prepare!*  
Earth shakes anew, I hear her groans profound,  
And hell through all her trembling realms resound.

A sudden blush inflames the waving sky,  
 And now the crimson curtains open fly ;  
 Lo ! far within, and far above all height,  
 Where heav'n's great sovereign reigns in worlds of light,  
 Whence he beholds us vagrant emmits crawl  
 At random on this air-suspended ball,  
 (Speck of creation !) if he pour one breath,  
 The bubble breaks, and 'tis eternal death.

Thence issuing I behold (but mortal sight  
 Sustains not such a rushing sea of light !)  
 I see on an empyreal flying throne  
 Awfully rais'd heav'n's everlasting son ;  
 Crown'd with that majesty, which form'd the world,  
 And the grand rebel flaming downward hurl'd.  
 Virtue, dominion, praise, omnipotence  
 Support the train of their triumphant prince.  
 A zone, beyond the thought of angels bright,  
 Around him like the zodiac winds its light.  
 Night shades the solemn arches of his brows,  
 And in his cheek the purple morning glows.  
 Where'er serene he turns propitious eyes,  
 Or we expect, or find a paradise ;  
 But if resentment reddens their mild beams,  
 That *Eden* kindles, and the world's in flames.  
 On one hand knowledge shines in purest light,  
 On one the sword of justice fiercely bright.  
 Now bend the khee in sport, present the reed ;  
 Now tell the scourg'd impostor, he shall bleed !

But oh ! ye good and blest, exalt your voice,  
 And bid the soul through all her pow'rs rejoice ;  
 His promis'd mercy ever faithful found  
 Scatters ambrosial odors all around ;  
 Unbends his brow, and mitigates his frown,  
 And sooths his rage, and melts his thunders down.  
 All heaven is yours, bold may ye lift the eye,  
 In your dread judge, your dear redeemer spy.

Thus glorious through the courts of heav'n the  
 Of life and death eternal bends his course. [source  
 Loud thunders round him roll, and lightnings play ;  
 Th' angelick host is rang'd in bright array.

Triumphant king of glory ! soul of bliss !  
 What a stupendous turn of fate is this ?

Oh

Oh whither art thou rais'd above the scorn,  
 And indigence of him in *Bethlem* born ;  
 A needy, helpless, unaccounted guest,  
 And but a second to the fodder'd beast ?  
 How chang'd from him, who meekly prostrate laid,  
 Vouchsaf'd to wash the feet himself had made ?  
 From him, who was betray'd, forsook, deny'd,  
 Wept, languish'd, pray'd, bled, thirsted, groan'd, and  
 Hung pierc'd and bare, insulted by the foe, [dy'd ;  
 All heav'n in tears above, earth unconcern'd below ?

And was't enough to bid the sun retire ?

Why did not nature at thy groan expire ?

I see, I hear, I feel the pangs divine,  
 The world is vanish'd, — I am wholly thine.

Mistaken *Caiaphas* ! ah ! which blasphem'd,  
 Thou or thy pris'ner ? which shall be condemn'd ?  
 Well might'ft thou rend thy garments, well exclaim ;  
 Deep are the horrors of eternal flame ! —  
 But GOD is good ! 'tis wondrous all ! e'en he  
 Thou gav'ft to death, shame, torture, dy'd for thee.

Now the descending triumph stops its flight  
 From earth full twice a planetary height.

There all the clouds condens'd, two columns raise  
 Distinct with orient veins, and golden blaze.  
 One fix'd on earth, and one in sea, and round  
 Its ample foot the swelling billows found.  
 These an immeasurable arch support,  
 The grand tribunal of this awful court.  
 Sheets of bright azure, from the purest sky  
 Stream from the chrystral arch, and round the columns  
 Death wrapt in chains low at the basis lies, [fly.  
 And on the point of his own arrow dies.

Here high enthron'd th' eternal judge is plac'd,  
 With all the grandeur of the godhead grac'd ;  
 Stars on his robes in beauteous order meet,  
 And the sun burns beneath his dreadful feet.

Now an archangel eminently bright,  
 From off his silver staff of wondrous height,  
 Unfurls the *christian* flag, which waving flies,  
 And shuts and opens more than half the skies :  
 The cross so strong a red, it sheds a stain,  
 Where'er it floats, on earth, and air, and main ;

Flushes the hill, and sets on fire the wood,  
And turns the deep-dy'd ocean into blood.

Oh formidable glory ! dreadful bright !  
Refulgent torture to the guilty sight. —

Ah turn, unwary muse, nor dare reveal  
What horrid thoughts with the polluted dwell.  
Say not (to make the sun shrink in his beam)  
Dare not affirm, they wish it all a dream ;  
Wish, or their souls may with their limbs decay,  
Or GOD be spil'd of his eternal sway.

But rather, if thou know'st the means, unfold  
How they with transport may this scene behold.

Ah how ! but by repentance, by a mind  
Quick, and severe its own offence to find ?

By ardent faith, and never-ceasing care,  
And all the pious violence of pray'r ?

Thus then with fervency till now unknown,  
I fling my heart before th' eternal throne,  
In this great temple, which the skies surround,  
For homage to its lord, a narrow bound.

" O thou ! whose ballance doth the mountains weigh,  
" Whose rein the wild tumultuous seas obey,  
" Whose breath can turn those watry worlds to flame,  
" That flame to tempest, and that tempest tame ;  
" Earth's meanest son, with trembling, prostrate falls,  
" And on the plenty of thy goodness calls.

" Ah ! give the winds all past offence to sweep,  
" To scatter wide, or bury in the deep ;

" Thy pow'r, my weakness may I ever see,  
" And wholly dedicate my soul to thee.

" Reign o'er my will ; my passions ebb and flow  
" At thy command, nor human motive know !

" If anger boil, let anger be my praise,  
" And sin the graceful indignation raise.

" My love be warm to succour the distres'd,  
" And lift the burden from the soul oppres'd.

" Oh may my understanding ever read  
" This glorious volume, which thy wisdom made !

" May sea and land, and earth and heav'n be join'd,  
" To bring th' eternal author to my mind !

" When oceans roar, or awful thunders roll,  
" May thoughts of thy dread vengeance shake my soul ;

" When

“ When earth’s in bloom, or planets proudly shine,  
“ Adore, my heart, the majesty divine;  
“ Thro’ every scene of life, or peace, or war,  
“ Plenty, or want, thy glory be my care !  
“ Shine we in arms? or sing beneath our vine?  
“ Thine is the vintage, and the conquest thine :  
“ Thy pleasure points the shaft, and bends the bow ;  
“ The cluster blnts, or bids it richly flow.  
“ Grant I may ever at the morning-ray  
“ Open with pray’r the consecrated day,  
“ Tune thy great praise, and bid my soul arise,  
“ And with the mounting sun ascend the skies :  
“ As that advances, let my zeal improve,  
“ And glow with ardour of consummate love ;  
“ Nor cease at eve, but with the setting sun,  
“ My endless worship shall be still begun.  
“ And oh ! permit the gloom of solemn night  
“ To sacred thought may forcibly invite.  
“ When this world’s shut, and awful planets rise,  
“ Call on our minds, and raise them to the skies ;  
“ Oh how divine ! to tread the milky way,  
“ To the bright palace of the lord of day ;  
“ His court admire, or for his favour sue,  
“ Or leagues of friendship with his saints renew ;  
“ Pleas’d to look down and see the world a-sleep,  
“ While I long vigils to its founder keep.  
“ Canst thou not shake the center ? oh controul,  
“ Subdue by force the rebel in my soul :  
“ Thou, who canst still the raging of the flood,  
“ Restraine the various tumults of my blood ;  
“ Teach me with equal firmness to sustain  
“ Alluring pleasure, and assaulting pain.  
“ Oh may I pant for thee in each desire !  
“ And with strong faith foment the holy fire !  
“ Stretch out my soul in hope, and grasp the prize,  
“ Which in eternity’s deep bosom lies !  
“ At the great day of recompence behold,  
“ Devoid of fear, the fatal book unfold !  
“ Then wafted upward to the blissful seat,  
“ From age to age my grateful song repeat,  
“ My light, my life, my GOD, my Saviour see,  
“ And rival angels in the praise of thee.

## An Extract from BOOK III.

THE book unfolding, the resplendent seat  
Of saints and angels; the tremendous fate  
Of guilty souls, the gloomy realms of woe,  
And all the horrors of the world below,  
I next presume to sing; what yet remains  
Demands my last, but most exalted strains.  
Heav'n opening all its sacred pomp displays,  
And overwhelms her with the rushing blaze;  
The triumph rings! archangels shout around!  
And echoing nature lengthens out the sound.

Ten thousand trumpets now at once advance;  
Now deepest silence lulls the vast expanse;  
So deep the silence, and so strong the blast,  
As nature dy'd, when she had groan'd her last.  
Nor man, nor angel moves; the judge on high  
Looks round, and with his glory fills the sky;  
Then on the fatal book his hand he lays;  
When high to view supporting seraphs raise;  
In solemn form the rituals are prepar'd,  
The seal is broken, and a groan is heard.  
Not guilty fear, not fancy's self can draw  
A meeting more august, of greater awe.  
And thou, my soul (oh fall to sudden pray'r,  
And let the thought sink deep) shalt thou be there?

See on the left (for by the great command  
The throng divided falls on either hand;) How weak, how pale, how haggard, how obscene,  
What more than death in every face and mien?  
With what distress, and glarings of affright,  
They shock the heart, and turn away the sight.  
In gloomy orbs their trembling eye balls roll,  
And tell the horrid secrets of the soul.  
Each gesture mourns, each look is black with care,  
And every groan is loaden with despair.  
Reader, if guilty, spare the muse, and find  
A truer image pictur'd in thy mind.  
Should'st thou behold thy brother, father, wife,  
And all the soft companions of thy life,

Whose blended interests level'd at one aim,  
 Whose mix'd desires sent up one common flame,  
 Divided far, thy wretched self alone.  
 Cast on the left, of all whom thou hast known ;  
 How wou'd it wound ? what millions wouldst thou  
 For one more trial, one day more to live ? [give  
 Flung back in time an hour, a moment's space,  
 To grasp with eagerness the means of grace,  
 Contend for mercy with a pious rage,  
 And in that moment to redeem an age ? —  
 Drive back the tide, suspend a storm in air,  
 Arrest the sun; but still of this despair.

\* *But lo a lovely pair ! whose equal pace  
 Pit-frook'd their speed, and equal won the race.  
 O happy loves — whom virtue join'd before,  
 Now claim'd by heaven, now join'd to part no more.  
 In duti-ous joy around them smiling move  
 The beauteous blossoms of their faithful love.  
 On every feature see an heav'n begun  
 Bright as they shine like stars around their sun.  
 Known of their parents, they their parents know ;  
 Their blos-soms with a double transport glow ;  
 Blest in themselves, but more than blest to find  
 All held most dear in equal blessing join'd.*

See on the right, how amiable a grace !  
 Their Maker's image fresh on ev'ry face !  
 Triumphant beauty ! charms that rise above  
 This world, and in blest angels kindle love !  
 To the great judge with holy pride they turn,  
 And dare behold th' Almighty's anger burn ;  
 Its flash sustain, against its terror rise,  
 And on the dread tribunal fix their eyes.  
 Are these the forms that moulder'd in the dust ?  
 Oh the transcendent glory of the just !

Now, just reward ! celestial crowns enclose  
 With deathless glories your victorious brows.  
 For see the volume vast since time begun,  
 Just register of all beneath the sun,

\* The compliment design'd by Dr. Young to a royal personage we have taken the freedom to extend, by a more equal example, to a more general use.

Is thrown full wide ; peace ocean ! silence lull !  
 The sounding winds ! ye spheres forbear to roll !  
 Hear, oh creation, thy great master speak ! —  
 Now first for guilty man blest angels shake.

That hour, on which th' almighty king on high,  
 From all eternity has fix'd his eye,  
 The point of time, for which that world was built,  
 For which the blood of GOD himself was spilt,  
 That dreadful moment is arriv'd. —

*Alas,* the seats of bliss their pomp display  
 Brighter than brightnes, this distinguish'd day ;  
 Letis glorious, when of old th' eternal son  
 From realms of night return'd with trophies won ;  
 Through heaven's high gates, when he triumphant rod,  
 And shouting angels hail'd the victor GOD.  
 Horrors, *beneath*, darkness in darkness, hell  
 Of hell, where torments behind torments dwell ;  
 A furnace formidably deep and wide  
 O'er-boiling with a mad sulphureous tide,  
 Expands its jaws, most dreadful to survey,  
 And roars outrageous for the destin'd prey.  
 The sons of light scarce unappal'd look down,  
 And nearer press heaven's everlasting throne.

Such is the scene, and one short moment's space  
 Concludes the hopes and fears of human race.  
 Proceed who dares, I tremble as I write ;  
 The whole creation swims before my sight :  
 I see, I see the judge's frowning brow,  
 Say not 'tis distant, I behold it *now* ;  
 I faint, my tardy blood forgets to flow,  
 My soul recoils at the stupendous woe ;  
 That woe, those pangs which from the guilty breast  
 In these, or words like these, shall be exprest.

“ Who burst the barriers of my peaceful grave ?  
 “ Ah ! cruel death that wou'd no longer save,  
 “ But grudg'd me e'en that narrow dark abode,  
 “ And cast me out into the wrath of GOD ;  
 “ Where shrieks, the roaring flame, the rattling chain,  
 “ And all the dreadful eloquence of pain,  
 “ Our only song ; black fire's malignant light,  
 “ The sole refreshment of the blasted sight.

“ Must

" Must all those pow'rs, heav'n gave me to supply  
 " My soul with pleasure, and bring in my joy,  
 " Rise up in arms against me, join the foe,  
 " Sense, reason, memory increase my woe,  
 " And shall my voice, ordain'd on hymns to dwell,  
 " Corrupt to groans, and blow the fires of hell?  
 " Oh! must I look with terror on my gain,  
 " And with existence only measure pain?  
 " What, no reprieve, no least indulgence giv'n,  
 " No beam of hope from any point of heav'n?  
 " Ah mercy! mercy! art thou dead above?  
 " Is love extinguish'd in the source of love?  
 " Bold that I am, did heav'n stoop down to hell?  
 " Th' expiring lord of life my ransom seal?  
 " Have I not been industrious to provoke?  
 " From his embraces obstinately broke?  
 " Pursued, and panted for his mortal hate,  
 " Earn'd my destruction, labour'd out my fate,  
 " And dare I on extinguish'd love exclaim?  
 " Take, take full vengeance, rouze the slackning flame,  
 " Just is my lot—but oh! must it transcend?  
 " The reach of time, despair a distant end?  
 " With dreadful growth shoot forward, and arise,  
 " Where thought can't follow, and bold fancy dies?  
 " Never! where falls the soul at that dread sound?  
 " Down an abyse how dark, and how profound?  
 " Down, down I still am falling (horrid pain!)  
 " Ten thousand thousand fathoms still remain,  
 " My plunge still but begun.—And this for sin?  
 " Cou'd I offend, if I had never been,  
 " But still increas'd the sensless happy mass,  
 " Flow'd in the stream, or flourish'd in the grass?  
 " The beasts are happy, they come forth and keep  
 " Short watch on earth, and then lie down to sleep.  
 " Pain is for man, and oh! how vast a pain?  
 " For crimes, which made the godhead bleed in vain?  
 " Stifled his groans, as far as in them lay,  
 " And flung his agonies, and death away.  
 " As our dire punishment for ever strong,  
 " Our constitution too for ever young,  
 " Curs'd with returns of vigour, still the same,  
 " Powerful to bear, and satisfy the flame.

" Still

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" Still to be caught, and still to be pursu'd ;  
" To perish still, and still to be renew'd !  
" With mortal's anguish, wilt thou raise thy name,  
" And by my pangs ~~omnipotence~~ proclaim ?  
" Thou, who canst tots the planets to and fro,  
" Contract not thy great vengeance to my woe ;  
" Crush worlds, in hotter flames fal'n angels lay,  
" On me almighty wrath is castaway.  
" Call back thy thunders, Lord, hold in thy rage,  
" Nor with a speck of wretchedness engage.  
" Forget me quite, nor stoop a worm to blame,  
" But lose me in the greatness of thy name.  
" Forbid it ! and oh ! grant, great GOD, at least,  
" This one, this slender, almost no request ;  
" When I have wept a thousand lives away,  
" When torment is grown weary of its prey,  
" When I have rav'd ten thousand years in fire,  
" Ten thousand thousands, let me then expire.  
Deep anguish ! but too late ; the hopeless soul  
Bound to the bottom of the burning pool,  
Though loath, and ever loud blaspheming, ownst  
He's justly doom'd to pour eternal groans ;  
Enclos'd with horrors, and transfix'd with pain,  
Rolling in vengeance, struggling with his chain,  
To talk to fiery tempests, to implore  
The raging flame to give its burning o'er,  
To tost, to wreath, to pant beneath his load,  
And bear the weight of an offended GOD.

The favour'd of their judge in triumph move  
To take possession of their thrones above ;  
To crop the roses of immortal youth,  
And drink the fountain-head of sacred truth ;  
To swim on seas of bliss, to strike the string,  
And lift the voice to their almighty king ;  
To lose eternity in grateful lays,  
And fill heaven's wide circumference with praise.

But I attempt the wondrous height in vain,  
And leave unfinish'd the too lofty strain ;  
What boldly I begin, let others end,  
My strength exhausted fainting I descend,  
And chuse a less, but no ignoble theme,  
Dissolving elements, and worlds in flame.

The fatal period, the great hour is come,  
And nature shrinks at her approaching doom ;  
Loud peals of thunder give the sign, and all  
Heaven's terrors in array surround the ball ;  
Sharp lightnings with the meteors blaze conspire,  
And darted downward set the world on fire ;  
From heaven's four regions with immortal force  
Angels drive on the winds impetuous course,  
T' enrage the flame ; it spreads, it soars on high,  
Swells in the storm, and bellows through the sky.  
Here winding pyramids of fire ascend,  
Cities and delarts in one ruin-blend ;  
Here blazing volumes wasted overwhelm  
The spacious face of a far distant realm ;  
There undermin'd down rush eternal hills,  
The neighbouring vales the vast destruction fills.

Hear'it thou that dreadful crack ? that sound, which  
Like peals of thunder, and the center shook ? [broke  
High midst the clouds the boiling ocean roars,  
And looks far down on his decreasing shores ;  
Leviathans in plaintive thunder cry,  
In distant dismal pants the long-liv'd echo's die.

Shew me that celebrated spot, where all  
The various rulers of the sever'd ball  
Have humbly sought wealth, honour, or redrefs,  
That land, which heav'n seem'd diligent to bleis,  
Once call'd *Britannia* ; can her glories end ?  
And can't surrounding seas her realms defend ?  
Alas ! in flames behold surrounding seas !  
And all their waters but augment the blaze.

Some angel say, where ran proud *Asia*'s bound,  
Or where with fruits was fair *Europa* crown'd ?  
Where stretch'd vast *Lybia* ? where did *India*'s store  
Sparkle in diamonds, and her golden oar ?  
Each lost in each, their mingling kingdoms glow,  
And all dissolv'd, one fiery deluge flow :  
Thus earth's contending monarchies are join'd,  
And a full period of ambition find.

This globe alone would but defraud the fire,  
Starve its devouring rage ; the flakes aspire,  
And catch the clouds, and make the heav'ns their prey ;  
The sun, the moon, the stars all melt away,

And

And leave a might blinck: involv'd in flame,  
The whole creation sinks! ~~is~~ <sup>is</sup> ~~burnt~~ <sup>burnt</sup> ~~up~~ <sup>up</sup>  
The devastations of one dreadful hour,  
The great Creator's six days work devour.

How rich that GOD who can such charge defray,  
And bear to fling ten thousand worlds away?  
~~Left~~ wealth! and yet (ye nations hear!) one soul  
Has more to boast, and far outweighs the whole;  
Have you not seen th' eternal mountains nod,  
An earth dissolving, a descending GOD?  
What strange surprises thro' all nature ran?  
For whom these revolutions, but for man?  
For him omnipotence new measures takes,  
For him through all eternity awakes;  
Pours on him gifts sufficient to supply  
Heaven's loss, and with fresh glories fill the sky.

Think deeply then, O man, how great thou art,  
Pay thy self homage with a trembling heart;  
What angels guard, no longer dare neglect,  
Slighting thy self, affront not GOD's respect.  
Enter the sacred temple of thy breast,  
And gaze, and wander there a ravish'd guest;  
Gaze on those hidden treasures, thou shalt find,  
Wander thro' all the glories of thy mind.  
Thou, minor, canst not guess thy vast estate,  
What stores, on foreign coasts, thy landing wait,  
Lose not thy claim, let virtue's paths be trod;  
Thus glad all heaven, and please that bounteous GOD,  
Who to light thee to pleasures, hung on high  
Yon radiant orb, proud regent of the sky;  
That service done, its beams shall fade away,  
And GOD shine forth in one eternal day.



**F I N I S.**

